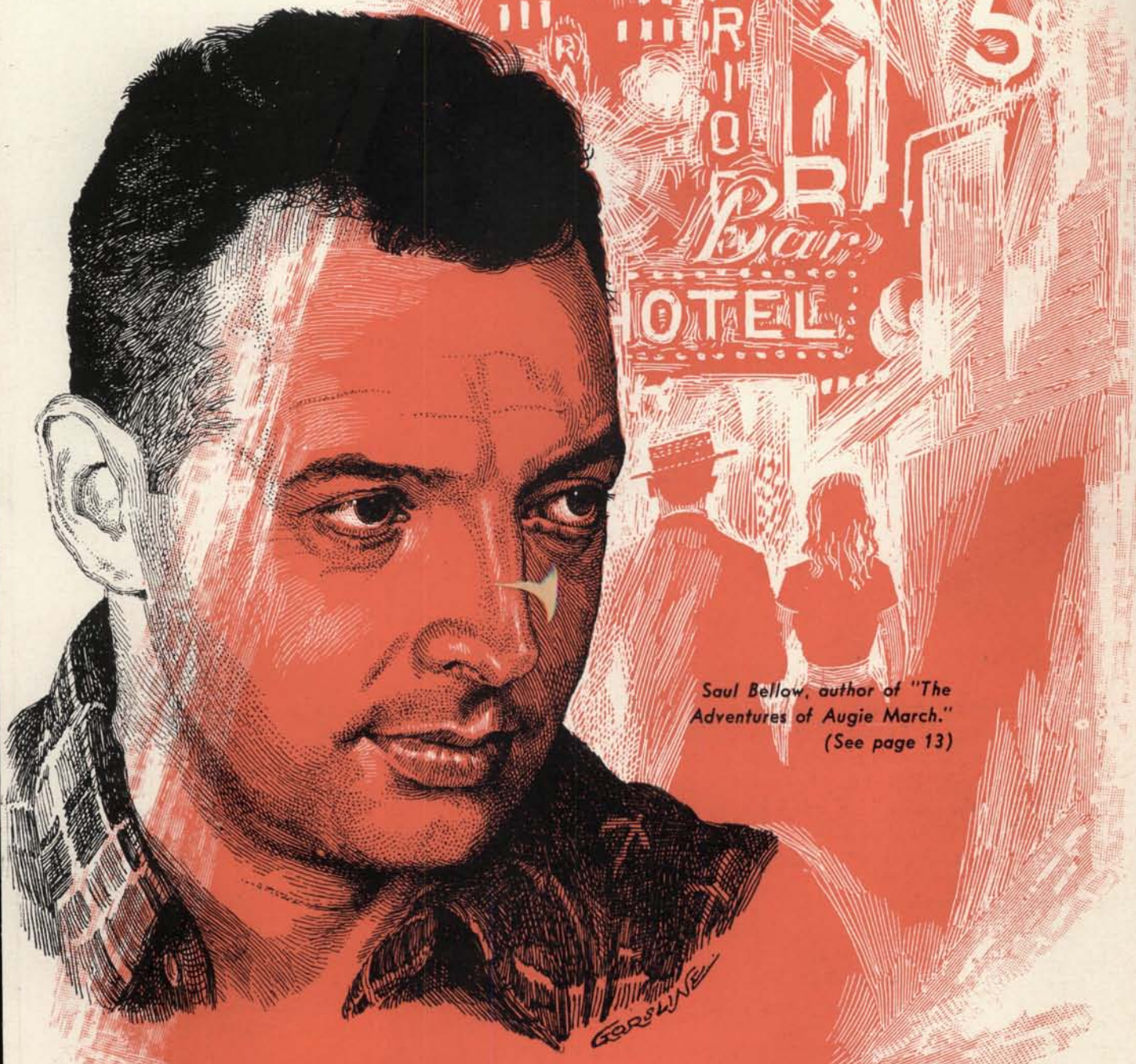
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 19, 1953 / 20¢



Saul Bellow, author of "The Adventures of Augie March."
(See page 13)

GETTING AT THE TRUTH

By Marchette Chute

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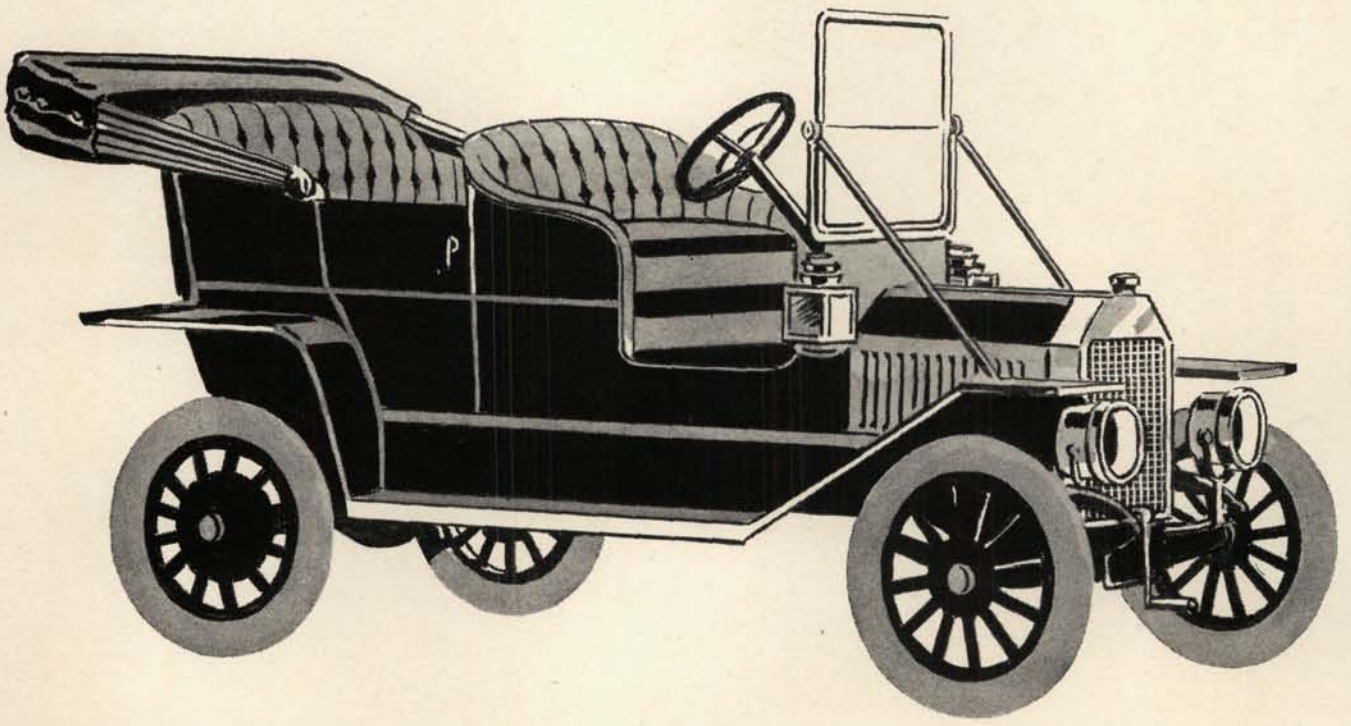
1953 joy ride



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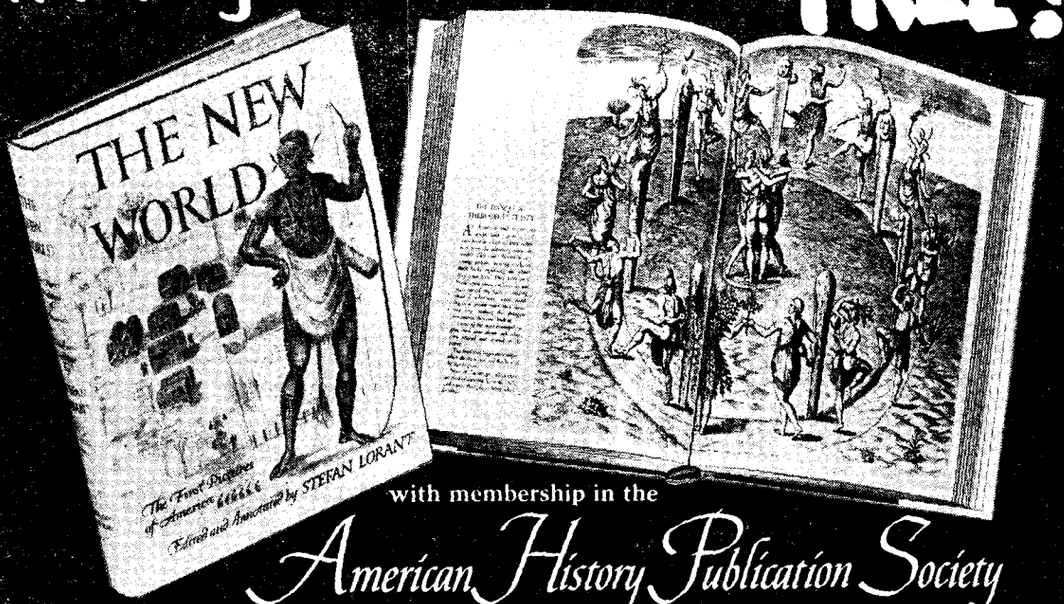

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SR's Library Poll

THE popularity of current books varies significantly in different regions, *The Saturday Review's* Library Poll discloses, although certain titles of broad popular appeal do find their own substantial audience from coast to coast irrespective of differing local preferences.

For example, tabulation of this week's poll of the books most in demand at representative public libraries established "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko, as the over-all fiction leader. Yet in city by city other titles were in greater local demand.

A breakdown by the cities whose public libraries participated in the *SR* poll showed the following titles actually enjoying the greatest local popularity:

Atlanta: "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones
Birmingham: "The Robe," by Lloyd C. Douglas
Boston: "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko
Buffalo: "The Unknown Quantity," by Mignon Eberhart
Chicago: "The Emperor's Lady," by F. W. Kenyon
Cleveland: "Beyond This Place," by A. J. Cronin
Dallas: "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko
Des Moines: "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko
Los Angeles: "Beyond This Place," by A. J. Cronin
Louisville: "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones
Milwaukee: "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko
Minneapolis: "To the End of Time," by Olaf Stapeldon
New York: "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones
Omaha: "The Silver Chalice," by Thomas B. Costain
Philadelphia: "Beyond This Place," by A. J. Cronin
Pittsburgh: "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko
Richmond: "Horn of the Hunter," by Robert C. Ruark
St. Louis: "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones
Salt Lake City: "Battle Cry," by Leon Uris
Washington (D.C.): "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko

Local variations in nonfiction popularity will be reported on later.

There was no significant change over last week's listing of the twenty books most in demand throughout the country. A new full poll report will be deferred until next week.

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 19, 1953

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who "thoroughly hooked" *Trade Winds*—the most popular feature in *The Saturday Review* (with us, anyway). It was done with a mere scrap of her book, quoted in a press release. When an author is that good we know enough to let her introduce herself: "Sheed & Ward felt there was an opening for a book about the convent by someone who actually lived in one. Let me tell you a secret; I do not know why they picked on me to write it. I have been a professed member of an excellent community for eighteen years . . . as for qualifications for writing the book, I carefully explained to the publisher that I have practically none, and you may as well know it too. My occupation I usually give as teacher, because it sounds so respectable; people are always suspicious of artists." (She makes wonderful silhouettes.) For her stories of the Night the Cow Got In, the Indian Chief who taught her to use a Tomahawk, a Nun's Views on Other Women's Hats, and why this book has such an odd name, turn to the nearest bookstore (with $2.50 in your hand) and get her book:

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TRADE Winds

GOLUX AND WIZARD and Hark and the Princess and all the rest of James Thurber's wonderful characters in "The Thirteen Clocks" are having a new life, for that delightful book has been made into a play, just presented in Abingdon, Virginia, and possibly coming to New York soon. The adaptation was done by Frank Lowe, who also played the Prince; the music was by Robert Gallico, direction by Owen

Phillips. Perhaps Mr. Thurber, who has been disturbed in the past by what was done to his work in preparing it for other mediums, will be happy this time. *Variety*'s critic says, "The whimsical wit and subtle satire of James Thurber's fairy tale have been brought to the stage with remarkable effect . . . The play should prove as delightful to New York audiences as it does to these in the mountains." From the rest of the review it appears that, despite the changes entailed by the dramatization of anything, the play is pure Thurber. How much purer can anything be?

FIREWORKS IN DECEMBER seems a reasonable expectation in view of the fact that then Simon & Schuster will publish Vol. I of "The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes." "In print as in personality," says a dispatch from the publishers, "his irascibility and his integrity ran neck and neck . . . He was a fighter who left no cobblestone unturned which he could pick up and throw at an opponent. This diary and its index, until the day he died, were a cobblestone quarry."

The cobblestones, as far as one can make out from sample pages, were hurled at just about everybody connected with the New Deal and the Fair Deal for the nineteen years that Mr. Ickes was in Washington, from President Roosevelt straight down the line. Bitter personal feuds are recounted, private and public battles recorded blow for blow without benefit of verbal plasma. Taken in bits this gargantuan diary could be used as a pretty lethal arsenal by all haters of the New Deal, but taken as a whole it will emerge, I'm told, as a monument to its basic principles and aims and achievements. The whole may comprise six or seven volumes; the first one, subtitled "The First Thousand Days," covers FDR's first term; three more are scheduled for 1954 and the final ones in 1955.

The original diaries ran to over six million words—the rough equivalent of sixty published volumes! Mr. Ickes was a constant jotter-downer; everywhere he went he scribbled notes. These he would dictate to a trusted secretary and then burn not only his own notes but the leaves from the stenographer's notebook. Never did he go back later, per hindsight, to edit or correct, or, God wot, to ameliorate. And all through the nineteen years of his diary-keeping the Old Curmudgeon also was building up a card index of the people he wrote about; these cards themselves filled twenty-nine catalogue drawers. On Harry Hopkins alone, for instance, there were eighty-three separate cards from which a few samples may intrigue you:

My letter to the President re Hopkins's danger to political future, 1170.
Poseur, 1171.
Unfavorable comment on, 1173; 1183.
Presidential aspirations of, 1507; 1519.
Emotional and sensitive, 2367.
My liking for him personally, 2367.
Lady's man, 2991.
Mrs. Roosevelt's warning to be careful about his amours, 2991.
His poor appearance at White House reception, 3195.
Visit with him in hospital—said to be afflicted with obscure tropical disease, 3985.
Morgenthau's distrust of, 4705.
Resignation from cabinet, 4752.
My unchanging opinion of, 4753.

S. & S. editors, operating behind locked doors (literally locked to safeguard this invaluable mountain of raw history), are limiting their work to a few parenthetical explanations of certain references and to deletions of transient matters and sections legally

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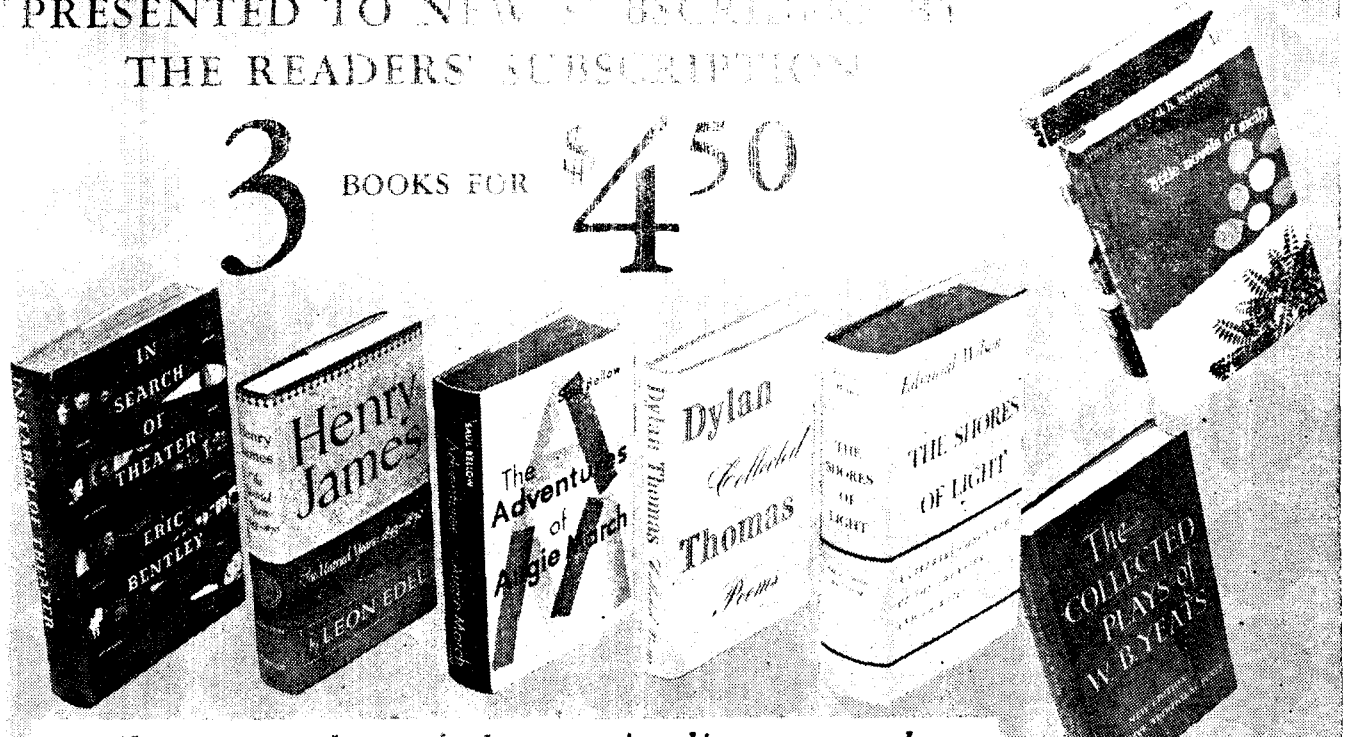

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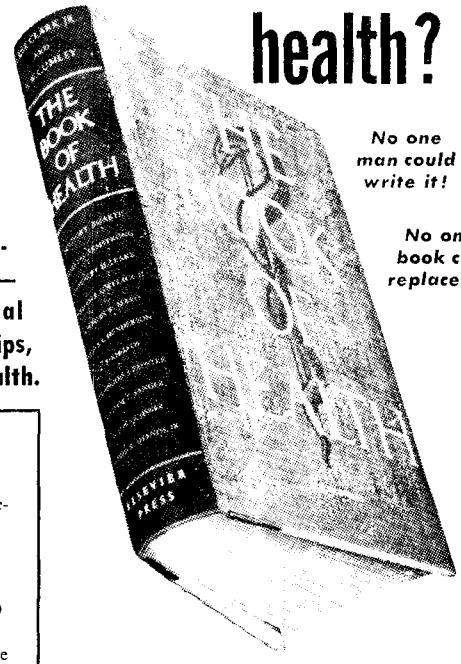

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rated libelous. Apart from this, the published volumes will be all Ickes, unBowdlerized and "stet" from start to finish. Only light pencil marks appear on the pages of the 104 looseleaf notebooks of the original, easily erasable when the day comes to present the "Secret Diary" to the Library of Congress. "Personally," ventured one of the editors who has worked through only three million words of the MS so far, "I don't think Mr. Ickes's position in history will be colossal, but in fifty years his position as a diarist will be unparalleled—a kind of political Pepys."

"THE GERMAN LANGUAGE is an organ," Thomas Mann recently said to an Oslo newspaper man, H. Sinding-Larsen, "but if I could be born again, I would choose English. It opens much greater possibilities. Apart from Goethe and other classics, the German language is not popular. It is not indecent to be unpopular, but this is the fact." Mr. Mann was asked whether it were possible to compare authors of different generations—could one, for instance, compare Hugo and Flaubert with Faulkner and Hemingway? "Of course," Mr. Mann replied. "There is a colossal difference in size. Think of the forest of great authors we had in the last century. Think of the French and Russian novelists. Measured by such standards, the authors of today become primitive miniatures." However, Mr. Mann says he no longer reads "many modern books. It is a too risky investment in time." That reference to time sent me to the encyclopedia. It was startling to see that more than half a century has passed since "Buddenbrooks," forty-one years since "Death in Venice," nearly thirty since "The Magic Mountain," and twenty since the first of his "Joseph" series. It was in 1929 that Mr. Mann won the Nobel prize; today, at seventy-eight, he says that if there had been such a prize in the nineteenth century, he would have liked to see it awarded first to Balzac and then to Tolstoy.

WEST COAST AUTHORS, please note: By my own definition, TRADE WINDS is supposed to deal, during my sporadic tenures of same, only with books, authors, publishers, book and play readers, and assorted matters and anecdotes closely pertinent thereto. Thus I am now in a dilemma, for I want to reprint something here that couldn't possibly be contorted to fit that definition, but that might be relished by any SR reader who has ever lived or traveled along the coastline of Northern California and Southern Oregon. And so I have finally hit upon the dishonorable dodge above, and hope you non-West Coast authors will

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eavesdrop. The paragraph below is from "A Country Diary," one of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*'s regular departments, written under a Westmorland dateline and signed only "A. H. G.":

> Growing in a heap of road rubble among a tangle of scrub and weeds not far from here is a tiny cutting from a tree which some people consider the most remarkable in the world. The baby is about eighteen inches high but already it is straight and sturdy and one day it may become a great forest tree. Its golden leaves are delicately frilled, and the rough, stony patch—the least likely site you could imagine for a great experiment—is crudely fenced in with wire. The tender young sapling, as many of you will have guessed, is a Dawn Redwood, the legendary tree which the scientists said had been extinct for sixty million years or more until the Chinese found one growing in a sacred grove on the bank of a river with an unpronounceable name. Tiny shoots from the seed of the tree which the dinosaurs knew (and probably browsed on) had reached the Lake District, and cuttings have been taken in a greenhouse in the heart of the National Park. The young tree I saw has been grown from one of these cuttings and in a plantation less than twenty miles from here there is an experimental half-acre of them. Botanists have known of the Dawn Redwood for many years, for its lovely leaves have been preserved in fossilized form deep down in the rocks throughout eons of time. Now they know the color of those leaves, but they can only guess how high the tree, which was thought to be extinct long before history began, will grow.

"THE LAST RETORT" is the name of a new weekly column, under the byline of Cleveland Amory, author of, naturally, "The Last Resorts," as well as "The Proper Bostonians." His first venture in columning will be handled by the Spadea syndicate, which has heretofore concentrated on the fashion field. Scheduled to begin on the last Sunday in August, Mr. Amory's weekly thousand-words has been contracted for by about fifty newspapers.

On the telephone, Mr. Amory remained adamantly vague about what the column was to be, beyond saying something about "Social History," and not having seen a sample, I'm still in the dark. Yet, with that title, it doesn't seem like too long a guess to expect a few ritzy ripostes from time to time, not to speak of Palm Beach payoffs, Southampton slurs, and Newport nuances.

—LAURA Z. HOBSON

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Jack McMichael and the Methodist Federation for Social Action
Spiritual Mobilizaton
Converted Catholic Magazine
Gerald B. Winrod
Carl McIntire and the American Council of Christian Churches
J. Howard Pew
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The Ku Klux Klan
Christian Anti-Jewish Party
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Good News

▶ By controlling fires in inactive coal deposits, the U.S. Bureau of Mines has saved from destruction over 165,000,000 tons of coal at a cost of less than one cent a ton. The coal thus saved for future use is valued at nearly $700,000,000.

▶ Iceland recently gave UNICEF nine tons of cod liver oil. It is now on its way to Beirut to help build strong bones and prevent rickets among Palestine refugee children. UNICEF has also received large quantities of raisins from Greece, rice from Thailand and Burma, beans from Costa Rica, sugar from Peru, and in recent months $25,264 worth of green coffee from the government of Columbia.

▶ The Department of the Interior's Reclamation Bureau, in its first half-century of operation, has developed a firm water supply for 6,713,015 acres of arid and semi-arid land in the Western United States; constructed 110 storage dams and sixty-three diversion dams on western rivers, and installed 4,181,200 kilowatts of hydroelectric capacity in nearly forty power plants.

▶ In appreciation for accommodation given by the New South Wales Public Library to the U.S. Information Library in Sydney, Australia, before the Information service moved to its new quarters, the Public Library was presented with a gift of books and equipment by the State Department. Part of the gift consists of the five published volumes of the Princeton University section of the Papers of Thomas Jefferson, together with thirteen volumes of the Yale edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence. A microfilm reader and a varityper were also presented to the New South Wales library.

▶ A new university—University of Southeast Alaska—has recently been opened at Kake and is the second of its kind in the whole territory. Together with the newly established Charles Newton Academy, the university will provide a traditional liberal arts course to residents of Southeast Alaska. Kake is one of the largest Tlingit Indian centers, and the institution is establishing a new folklore archives. Director Reilly would like to have it known that "any contributions to the new library in the form of text books, periodicals and regular library books will be deeply appreciated."

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 19, 1953

GETTING AT THE TRUTH

By MARCHETTE CHUTE

When is a fact not a fact? Anyone who has done research in past history will know that this is not an idle riddle but an ever-present challenge. Marchette Chute, who expounds her philosophy of fact-testing here, is the author of "Shakespeare of London," a best-selling biography of three years back, and "Ben Jonson of Westminster," to be published October 13 by E. P. Dutton & Co.

THIS is a rather presumptuous title for a biographer to use, since truth is a very large word. In the sense that it means the reality about a human being it is probably impossible for a biographer to achieve. In the sense that it means a reasonable presentation of all the available facts it is more nearly possible, but even this limited goal is harder to reach than it appears to be. A biographer needs to be both humble and cautious when he remembers the nature of the material he is working with, for a historical fact is rather like the flamingo that Alice in Wonderland tried to use as a croquet mallet. As soon as she got its neck nicely straightened out and was ready to hit the ball, it would turn and look at her with a puzzled expression, and any biographer knows that what is called a "fact" has a way of doing the same.

Here is a small example. When I was writing my forthcoming biography, "Ben Jonson of Westminster," I wanted to give a paragraph or two to Sir Philip Sidney, who had a great influence on Jonson. No one thinks of Sidney without thinking of chivalry, and to underline the point I intended to use a story that Sir Fulke Greville told of him. Sidney died of gangrene, from a musket shot that shattered his thigh, and Greville says that Sidney failed to put on his leg armor while preparing for battle because the marshal of the camp was not wearing leg armor and Sidney was unwilling to do anything that would give him a special advantage.

The story is so characteristic both of Sidney himself and of the misplaced high-mindedness of late Renaissance chivalry that I wanted to use it, and since Sir Fulke Greville was one of Sidney's closest friends the information seemed to be reliable enough. But it is always well to check each piece of information as thoroughly as possible and so I consulted another account of Sidney written by a contemporary, this time a doctor who knew the family fairly well. The doctor, Thomas Moffet, mentioned the episode but he said that Sidney left off his leg armor because he was in a hurry.

The information was beginning to twist in my hand and could no longer be trusted. So I consulted still another contemporary who had mentioned the episode, to see which of the two he agreed with. This was Sir John Smythe, a military expert who brought out his book a few years after Sidney's death. Sir John was an old-fashioned conservative who advocated the use of heavy armor even on horseback, and he deplored the current craze for leaving off leg protection, "the imitating of which . . . cost that noble and worthy gentleman Sir Philip Sidney his life."

So here I was with three entirely different reasons why Sidney left off his leg armor, all advanced by careful writers who were contemporaries of his. The flamingo had a legitimate reason for looking around with a puzzled expression.

The only thing to do in a case like

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this is to examine the point of view of the three men who are supplying the conflicting evidence. Sir Fulke Greville was trying to prove a thesis: that his beloved friend had an extremely chivalric nature. Sir John Smythe also was trying to prove a thesis: that the advocates of light arming followed a theory that could lead to disaster. Only the doctor, Thomas Moffet, was not trying to prove a thesis. He was not using his own explanation to reinforce some point he wanted to make. He did not want anything except to set down on paper what he believed to be the facts; and since we do not have Sidney's own explanation of why he did not put on leg armor, the chances are that Dr. Moffet is the safest man to trust.

For Moffet was without desire. Nothing can so quickly blur and distort the facts as desire—the wish to use the facts for some purpose of your own—and nothing can so surely destroy the truth. As soon as the witness wants to prove something he is no longer impartial and his evidence is no longer to be trusted.

THE only safe way to study contemporary testimony is to bear constantly in mind this possibility of prejudice and to put almost as much attention on the writer himself as on what he has written. For instance, Sir Anthony Weldon's description of the Court of King James is lively enough and often used as source material; but a note from the publisher admits that the pamphlet was issued as a warning to anyone who wished to "side with this bloody house" of Stuart. The publisher, at any rate, did not consider Weldon an impartial witness. At about the same time Arthur Wilson published his history of Great Britain, which contained an irresistibly vivid account of the agonized death of the Countess of Somerset. Wilson sounds reasonably impartial; but his patron was the Earl of Essex, who had good reason to hate that particular countess, and there is evidence that he invented the whole scene to gratify his patron.

Sometimes a writer will contradict what he has already written, and in that case the only thing to do is to investigate what has changed his point of view. For instance, in 1608 Captain John Smith issued a description of his capture by Powhatan, and he made it clear that the Indian chief had treated him with unwavering courtesy and hospitality. In 1624 the story was repeated in Smith's "General History of Virginia," but the writer's circumstances had changed. Smith needed money, "having a prince's mind imprisoned in a poor man's purse," and he wanted the book to be profitable. Powhatan's daughter, the princess Pocahontas, had recently been in the news, for her visit to England had aroused a great deal of interest among the sort of people that Smith hoped would buy his book. So Smith supplied a new version of the story, in which the once-hospitable Powhatan would have permitted the hero's brains to be dashed out if Pocahontas had not saved his life. It was the second story that achieved fame, and of course it may have been true. But it is impossible to trust it because the desire of the writer is so obviously involved; as Smith said in his prospectus, he needed money and hoped that the book would give "satisfaction."

It might seem that there was an easy way for a biographer to avoid the use of this kind of prejudiced testimony. All he has to do is to construct his biography from evidence that cannot be tampered with—from parish records, legal documents, bills, accounts, court records, and so on. Out of these solid gray blocks of impersonal evidence it should surely be possible to construct a road that will lead straight to the truth and that will never bend itself to the misleading curve of personal desire.

This might be so if the only problem involved were the reliability of the material. But there is another kind of desire that is much more subtle, much more pervasive, and much more dangerous than the occasional distortions of fact that contemporary writers may have permitted themselves to make; and this kind of desire can destroy the truth of a biography even if every individual fact in it is as solid and as uncompromising as rock. Even if the road is built of the best and most reliable materials it can still curve away from the truth because of this other desire that threatens it: the desire of the biographer himself.

A biographer is not a court record or a legal document. He is a human being, writing about another human being, and his own temperament, his own point of view, and his own frame of reference are unconsciously imposed upon the man he is writing about. Even if the biographer is free from Captain Smith's temptation—the need for making money—and wants to write nothing but the literal truth, he is still handicapped by the fact that there is no such thing as a completely objective human being.

AN illustration of what can happen if the point of view is sufficiently strong is the curious conclusion that the nineteenth-century biographers

(*Continued on page* 43)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A CLUTCH OF PETS

Jeane Millane of Colorado Springs, Colorado, submits the names of ten fictional animals (*homo sapiens* excepted) and asks you to identify the creatures and to name the story, play, or poem in which they appear. Six identifications will get you out of the doghouse, seven will put you in clover, and eight or better will qualify you as a master literary zoölogist. Answers on page 42.

1. A feline of rare talents, he disrupted Lady Blemley's house party by voicing his frank opinions of the guests.
2. Intent upon redressing imaginary wrongs, his master tore about the countryside on the back of this faithful old nag.
3. The victim of a "fix," this amphibian was loaded with impedimentary material before an important athletic contest.
4. When his master returned home after twenty years' wandering and warring, this old dog recognized him and then died.
5. Flattered by a fox for his vocal abilities, this barnyard lordling closed his eyes to make music and was snapped up.
6. A strange, precarious friendship was formed between a formidable member of the cat family and a man wandering in waste places.
7. This huge, invisible rodent was the best friend and constant companion of a cheerful inebriate.
8. This cur appeared in old puppet shows with his scrapping master and mistress.
9. When his master was murdered, this Klondike sledge dog ran away to become leader of a wolf pack.
10. This beautiful little woodland beast had wandering thoughts on a drowsy summer day, and following his book appearance was immortalized by a composer and a ballet dancer.

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Quest Through the Modern World

"The Adventures of Augie March," by Saul Bellow (Viking Press. 536 pp. $4.50), recounts, in a novel style, the varied and wonderful experiences of a young man in Chicago during the Twenties and the Depression.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

READING "The Adventures of Augie March" in 1953 must be a good deal like reading "Ulysses" in 1920. Like Joyce before he wrote his first masterpiece, Saul Bellow is mainly known as the writer of two excellent, tightly organized works of fiction, neither of them too easy or too difficult to fit into the pattern of what one is accustomed to read. Not unnaturally, the reader used to the way most good writers follow or develop a pattern they or others have established is unprepared for an apparently complete break with both past technique and past subject matter. Anything deeply original is at first perplexing and therefore likely to make the reader take refuge in either the dogmatics of damnation or of sanctification.

This does not mean that there is any marked similarity between Joyce's "Ulysses" and "The Adventures of Augie March." Both books are long, both ambitious; both can be read esoterically or as exercises in pornography. But Mr. Bellow's exercise in form and substance is, on the surface, readily intelligible; it is not so much concerned with the way its author sees the world as with the way someone quite unlike him does. While it is impossible for the "common" reader to go more than ten pages into "Ulysses" without deep perplexity, it is possible for the same reader to finish "The Adventures of Augie March" before his perplexity begins. Like Rabelais and Cervantes, Mr. Bellow makes easy sense from page to page, yet his total meaning is elusive.

This elusiveness is partially the consequence of the apparent simplicity and actual complexity of Augie March, the novel's protagonist. He has a "very weak sense of consequences" and a will to comply, but he also has a will to resist. He is "a sort of Columbus of those near-at-hand," a "laughing creature, forever rising up," one of those "people other people are always trying to fit with their schemes." He is "ambitious in general," not "concrete enough," a perpetual searcher for a "good enough fate," who always seems to be standing still. Though he is born in Chicago and most of his quest takes place in this city whose roughness does not encourage illusions, he believes that "we all catch up with legends," and that "there may gods turn up anywhere." In his life in Chicago, Mexico, and abroad he encounters almost all kinds of men and ideas and experiences more than any one man could (like Gulliver and Pantagruel). What he sees, thinks, and does is told in a style that mixes erudition and bawdiness. At first the style seems unconvincing and delightful; finally it becomes convincing and delightful. Whether one considers Augie a "man of hope or foolishness," whether one believes his lingo and experiences plausible or implausible, he should know after reading his adventures that the modern multiverse is his province and could be made so by no other method of presentation.

Augie's quest leads him to become a thief, a dog washer in a dog club, the trainer of an eagle, a merchant marine, a businessman, a down-and-outer in flop houses, a respectable gigolo, a questionable dealer in surplus goods abroad, a lover of more and more unusual women than any character in modern fiction. Augie almost succumbs to the ideas of Grandma Lausch, the Jewish empress of a Chicago boardinghouse, and to those of Einhorn, a crippled Caesar who thinks one should know everything. He nearly follows his brother, Simon, who "had no peace or rest if he ever lacked dough," into the bondage of being a rich woman's husband. He is a CIO organizer, a great lover like Antony (but Augie survives), a man who nearly accepts a multiplicity

THE AUTHOR: Saul Bellow—medium-sized, husky, his face burned by the Canadian sun—returned to New York the other day after a kind of pilgrimage to Lachine, a little bit of a town in Quebec, where he was born in 1915. He had gone home, he said (he hadn't been there for twenty years), to show his son where he had lived as a boy, only to find the street pretty much monopolized by a supermarket. Bellow, abandoning Lachine to progress, then went on to bat out the main facts of his life —the M.A. in anthropology at Wisconsin he'd walked out on in 1937 in order to write, his WPA's Writer's Project job in Chicago, his first published story in the *Partisan Review*—before he got around to "Augie," his third novel. (His first two were "Dangling Man" in 1944 and "The Victim" in 1947.) "I had gone to Paris in '48 on a Guggenheim," Bellow said as he recreated "Augie's" genesis, "and wrote 100,000 words of a novel. It was a grim book, in the spirit of the first two, when I suddenly decided, 'No.' Actually my feeling wasn't as mild as I'm describing it. I felt a great revulsion." The 100,000 words were junked, but Bellow wasn't left empty-handed. "Augie," it turned out, had been waiting around for his next for a long time. "Augie was my favorite fantasy," he said. "Every time I was depressed while writing the grim one I'd treat myself to a fantasy holiday." Bellow, analyzing his novels, said he had been working out certain problems through characters in his first two books. "But in 'Augie,'" he went on, "one of my great pleasures was in having the ideas taken away from me, as it were, by the characters. They demanded to have their own existence. It was a liberation for me." He then began to talk about literature but he cut himself short. "I guess I'm getting on a professorial kick," he said with a laugh. Bellow, as it happens, *is* a professor; this year he is at Bard College. Previously he taught at the University of Minnesota, NYU, and Princeton. His time these days is split neatly between his students and the next Bellow novel.

—BERNARD KALB.

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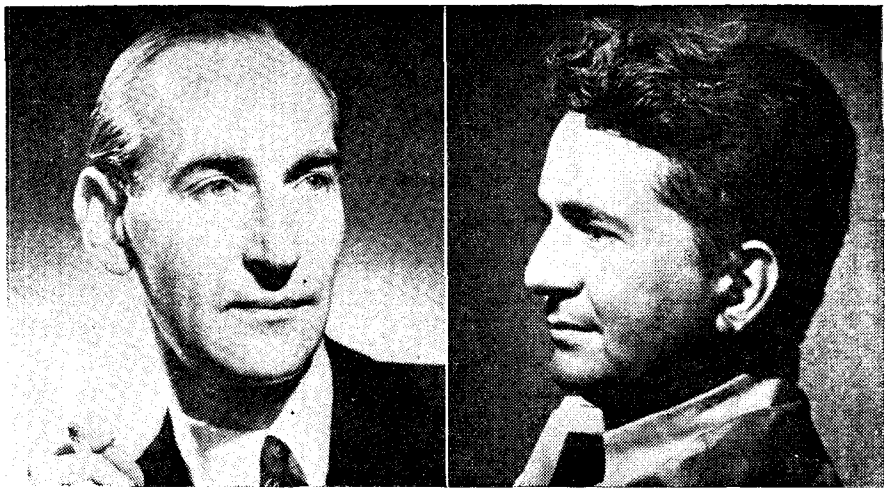
of one-sided paths to salvation—but doesn't.

It is inevitable that one emphasize Augie in a novel about his adventures, but the book's interest and value inhere quite as much in the other characters as in him. Starting with Grandma Lausch, Five Properties, Jimmie Klein, Einhorn, and Sylvester—matriarch, milkman, thief-detective, Caesar, revolutionary—continuing to millionaire Robey, who worries about the effects of inevitable prosperity for everyone on everyone, to Thea, "the theoretician of love," and to Mintouchian, the man of secrets who thinks "only system taps the will of the universe," nearly all the secondary characters are as vivid as Augie himself. Even the very minor characters, met on a page or two—like Bluegren, the florist who trades with gangsters, and Lieutenant Nuzzo, the policeman with whom even his wife acted as though she were on probation—are memorable.

Looking back over what I have said I realize how much I have not. There is no mention of Mimi, of her abortion or of the inhumanity of hospitals to her; of Hooker Frazer, of Trotsky, of Mrs. Renling's "pale-fire concentration," of Mr. Renling, the "obstacle-eater." I have said little about the many philosophies and psychologies that make varied the book's texture: Clem's Freudianism, Sylvester's Trotskyism, Commissioner Einhorn's capitalism, Arthur Einhorn's estheticism. I have not pointed out how constantly Mr. Bellow's references to the past make the present seem as contemporary as Heraclitus or Aristotle. I have not quoted Caesar Einhorn, who said, "There's law, and there's Nature. There's opinion, and there's Nature." I have not given my final, undefinitive evaluation of a novel I enjoyed reading as much or more than any I have read in years.

Tentatively: Saul Bellow is perhaps a great novelist, "The Adventures of Augie March" perhaps a great novel. If "The Adventures of Augie March" is great it is great because of its comprehensive, not-naturalistic survey of the modern world, its wisely inconclusive presentation of its problems; because its author dares to let go (as so many very good and very neat modern writers do not); because the style of its telling makes the sequence of events seem real even when one knows they couldn't be; because the novel is intelligently and ambitiously conceived as a whole that esthetically comprehends its parts; because it is an achievement in and a promise of the development of a novelist who deserves comparison only with the best, even at this early stage of his development.



Nigel Balchin and Ira Wolfert "A stimulating debate."

Tycoons—British and American

"Private Interests," by Nigel Balchin *(Houghton Mifflin. 308 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Married Men," by Ira Wolfert*** *(Simon & Schuster. 1,007 pp. $7.50), are two more attempts to discover what makes the Businessman tick, the first by a British novelist, the latter by an American.*

By James Kelly

GIVEN a quizzical turn of mind, one could defend the idea that modern business techniques have become modern survival techniques for the millions who live by them. Tampering with Mr. Darwin's theory, we can read it "survival of the smartest, luckiest, timeliest, and most dedicated." Since the self-reliant age was jostled by Adam Smith and toppled by sundry economic and romantic upheavals that followed him, who has not had more to do with buying and selling essential goods and services than with creating them? Within the reader's own city limits how many people are *directly* concerned with providing food, shelter, clothing? When the law of the land replaced hand-to-hand combat as a means of settling business differences the record shows that the profit motive began to turn more wheels and abet more progress than the fear motive had ever done.

A profession called Businessman won its spurs (less grudgingly here than in England), and the corporation board of directors took the place of the tribal war council. The plant worker learned how to operate new push-button machinery. The house-to-house salesman packed his sample case and smilingly stepped into his territory. Specialized middlemen discovered tools like advertising, public relations, market research, the techniques of mass distribution (which were supposed to be Social Forces). And the transition from nineteenth-century paternalism to twentieth-century "equal rights for everybody" jogged along rapidly, nudged no doubt by surging trade unionism and the Social Forces noted above. Joined by their mutual desire for money and what it buys, the employer doggedly pursued company profits and the employee (equally doggedly) fought to get the best price for his time.

Then came the big revelation, which we might call the Mother Lode for novelists and kindred observers. It goes like this: once a man gets enough money to feel reasonably secure he is likely to identify himself even more closely with his business or job. In it he may sublimate half-forgotten urges toward the creative arts. He may find an outlet for his power instinct, a substitute for sex and the marital tie, a definable social position. As a practical man he learns how to juggle human relations above and below him in the echelon. And in later years the daily business scrimmage may provide the sole remaining opportunity for conflict, competition, conquest. Under such pressures when playing for big stakes he may step outside ordinary morality, forget finesse, and behave generally like a runaway juggernaut. For him (at least in the fictional portraits) there's never any question of leading a quietly desperate life because he is always too busy

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making money to stand off and consider it. Too busy, that is, until the final cerebral or coronary seizure. He has become, as they say, an Interesting Type.

Immobilized as a titan by Mr. Dreiser, laved in irony by Mr. Marquand, satirized by Mr. Lewis, and victimized or canonized in passing by countless other writers including Shakespeare, Goethe, and a Mr. Cameron Hawley, the Businessman has proved himself to be a perdurable subject. Complex and elusive, for all his advertised gaucheries and alleged blind spots, the poor old boy has more often than not proved to be a bigger 3-D package than the writing men were equipped to handle after a fast look through the office window or speculative note-taking during a cocktail party or golf game. Latest of the novelists to aim their typewriters at him are Nigel Balchin, representing the British team, and Ira Wolfert, the American.

OUTWEIGHED but not outclassed, Mr. Balchin's "Private Interests" at 308 pages wins a fairly close decision over Mr. Wolfert's "Married Men," an opus (one is tempted to call it opera) of 1,007 pages which ranks right up there (in poundage only) with "War and Peace" (1,146), "Gone with the Wind" (1,037), "Of Time and the River" (912), "David Copperfield" (962), and the less succinct efforts of Balzac and Proust. Both books deal with the mechanics and politics involved in the business power-play. Both make the point that power, money, and ambition motivate more people than love in any of its forms. But there the similarity stops. Where Mr. Balchin sees the obsessive, one-track tycoon as a third-rate human being, Mr. Wolfert regards him as a giant standing off from lesser men—and gives him hero's billing. Balchin, the sharp-eyed critic who is more concerned with how the game is played than with the final score; Wolfert, the sentimental reporter who searches breathlessly for meanings in a mass of material before him and forgets his journalist's obligation to the dramatic unities. Balchin, a rifleman with a telescopic sight trained on a fairly easy target; Wolfert, a sweating machine-gunner firing bursts at a sound in the night. One is reminded again that a rogue elephant is not necessarily more impressive, say, than a mongoose who knows exactly where he is headed.

Best known for "The Small Back Room" among his half dozen novels, Mr. Balchin turns a discerning eye toward one of those hopelessly outdated British manufacturing concerns which bravely tries to reconcile ancient tradition with modern business methods. Old style and new style executives jockey for position when the head man dies, and workers struggle uncomfortably with the idea that they are now in a bargaining position. Not a man to be taken in by "the romance of business," the author dexterously and sympathetically sketches people locked in a complex company and personal relationship without ever concealing his own distaste for the executive who eats and sleeps his business. "*Il faut souffrir d'etre boss*," he says, and then goes on to prove it with the story of Managing Director Walter Lang, who groggily suffers through abortive schemes to grab company control, disastrous stock manipulations, and a romantic escapade between his only daughter and a plant workman only to land on a Pyrrhic peak of confusion. That there's something wrong with Lang's values and something right with those of his opponents nobody will be likely to deny.

"Private Interests" is, in effect, a morality play of the business world in which Good and Evil are suitably rewarded. For all its contrapuntal plot lines and authentic effects, though, the novel will appear more pedestrian than provocative to many readers. Not even the author's flicking wit and cool, contained style gloss over the interruptive effect of a roving viewpoint which moves lightly but reveals little. Closing the book, one feels that he has attended a rather contrived play with a strong cast.

Using a wider brush and the biggest canvas in stock, Mr. Wolfert brings us a sprawling panorama of business, social, and political evolution in the decades between Grover Cleveland and Calvin Coolidge. In it are isolated flashes of the crisp reporting remembered in "American Guerilla in the Philippines" and the author's war books. In it, too, are the portentous poses, spiritual gropings, tangled themes, and headlong, disorderly writing that marked his two previous novels. Mr. Wolfert draws credible characters, but not credible relationships. He chooses big subjects, but fails to provide the Dreiserlike insight which could give them form. Intending to capture the essence of America's dramatic business expansion through the meteoric career of a Midwest industrialist who is truly "married" to his work, Mr. Wolfert succeeds only in providing highly diluted entertainment. One can humbly respect the monumental aim without admiring the artisanship.

WES OLMSTEAD, star performer of "Married Men," was by inheritance and inclination a businessman "in the way an artist is an artist or a woman is a mother." Arriving in a bustling Midwestern city before the turn of the century, Wes promptly married the richest girl in sight, made the right contacts, sired three children, and began to display the vision which was to take him step by step to the financial heights. His wife, Elizabeth, another woman or two, a few business cronies, and assorted supporting characters rise briefly (and often interestingly) to the surface, only to swirl by and disappear in the torrent of words. It is made clear that Wes owns the novel, just as he owns his factories, and the reader is not expected to get too absorbed in the subplots built upon subplots which are tossed in as part of the sideshow. There's really no romantic incident in all this, except for some expedient or commercial escapades. But after Wes passes on we do find time to wonder whether the lifelong huggermugger between Elizabeth and patient family friend will ever come to anything.

There it is. The Businessman is either a breed apart—or he isn't. He is a human being first—or last. The reader can agree or argue with Mr. Wolfert: "It used to be production that developed a man's best, but nowadays it's finance. A manufacturer makes things, but the capitalist makes him. Do you understand what I mean? The production man makes one note. But the capitalist makes music." In any event, Messrs. Balchin and Wolfert have set up a stimulating debate. Maybe the non-fictional subjects of all this would find it amusing to check their personalities with what writers are saying about them these days. They're the ones who would know whether they really do exist—and how.

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Helpless Pawn

"The Deep Sleep," by Wright Morris *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 310 pp. $3.50), reveals the true characters of mourners and mourned in the dark glow of the day preceding a funeral.*

By William Murray

IN Wright Morris's novel "The Deep Sleep" "Judge" Howard Porter, one of the most respected and influential citizens of a suburban town outside Philadelphia, lies dead after a long and wearying illness. He is survived by the five people who knew him best and whose lives were deeply influenced by him: his mother (an extraordinarily mischievous old crone of ninety-nine), his wife, his daughter, his artist son-in-law, and the handyman Parsons. Through the thoughts and reminiscences of each of these five very different people Mr. Morris tells his story, although "story" in this case is a misleading word because nothing really happens. The daughter, Katherine, and her husband, Webb, have returned to the Porter home after the Judge's death, and the book ostensibly concerns itself with the ordinary, trivial events of the twenty-four-hour period during which these people are mainly involved in preparations for the funeral.

Wright Morris—"refreshing originality."

But Morris is not interested in actual events or occurrences except in so far as they help to reveal not only the character and personality of the dead man, but also those of the people who survive him, and especially of Mrs. Porter. People often said of her that she was "a very remarkable woman" without really knowing why they said so. But one by one Morris fits the pieces together and reveals that all his life the Judge, the man of power and influence, has been the dominated, helpless pawn of a woman with a character as flexible as a steel girder.

But Mrs. Porter is not a Strindbergian monster, nor do I think that Mr. Morris intends to portray her as such. She merely embodies certain well-known female characteristics which are particularly irritating to men. She is the kind of woman who goes about the room emptying ashtrays while one is smoking or vacuum-cleaning around one's chair while one is reading. She may, as Webb believes, have broken the Judge on the "wheel of life," but now that he is dead her own life has become meaningless, the ingrained household routines pathetic.

Mr. Morris's writing is occasionally obscure but always absorbing. He does not, like so many authors, hover omnisciently over his characters. He prefers to project himself into their innermost and very human thoughts and emotions, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. His characters understand as much about each other as most of us about the members of our own family and no more. Mr. Morris writes with wit, taste, and refreshing originality.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 535

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 535 will be found in the next issue.

AEY PR CSCQ YRQWDO

VKW RAER RAC RQKWRY

FPRC FCYR KM RAC

YEFFERA? BKG'Y

DQPRRCQY RCJLRPMB

GCDCMR JCM. — IEJCY

FEQQPC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 534

Laura Zametkin Hobson complains:—"Literary crypts, literary, but cryptographer lazy!" Grumbles, "Dozen unkeyed letlets in one short message." Sorry, Laura!

Juvenile Visions

"The Boy Who Saw Tomorrow," by Ian Niall *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 247 pp. $3), satirizes the reactions of the human race when it discovers a prognosticator in its midst.*

By Pamela Taylor

MAN, just as soon as he had grasped the concept of time, began trying to peer into the future, convinced with pathetic optimism that, however bad today seemed, there must be something better in store for him tomorrow. It cannot have taken the earliest fortuneteller long to learn that good luck must be liberally promised if he was to have a steady clientele. Being right can, however, be almost as dangerous as being wrong. This is the burden of Ian Niall's short novel, "The Boy Who Saw Tomorrow," whose central figure, an English lad, was born with the ability to see the future—not the far distant future but the events of next day or next week. It is not the actual fact of the child's strange gift, but the reactions to it of the people who surround him—his family, the neighbors, the gaping, sensation-seeking public—which form the mounting suspense and tragedy of the story.

Charles Marsel was a carpenter, like his father before him, a man whose trained and able hands moved faster than his unimaginative mind. Stolid and inarticulate, he loved the peaceful little village where he lived his quiet and self-respecting life. When his five-year-old son, Jimmie, had his first "dream," of the suicide of a senile old neighbor, Marsel put it down to too many hot scones given the boy by his indulgent mother and dismissed the whole affair. But Jimmie's grandmother, remembering that her own father had had visions of things to come, took the dream very seriously, and would have warned the family of the old neighbor had not her daughter and son-in-law, fearful of being laughed at, restrained her. When the suicide did indeed take place exactly as Jimmie had described it it meant to his father only that the child was sick, abnormal, and possibly mad. Two people only were willing to accept Jimmie's "dream"—his grandmother and the family doctor. And had the doctor not spoken of the affair to his wife nothing more might have come of it, for it was five years before Jimmie dreamed again.

Jimmie's second vision swept the quiet little family into a maelstrom of

(*Continued on page* 49)

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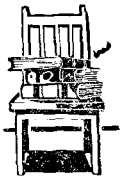
From the Kievan State to the Revolution



"Russia: A History and an Interpretation," by Michael T. Florinsky *(Macmillan. 2 vols., 1,511 pp. $15), is a comprehensive account of the Russian past from the dawn of time to the Revolution of 1917. Here it is reviewed by Professor Sidney Harcave of Harpur College of the State University of New York.*

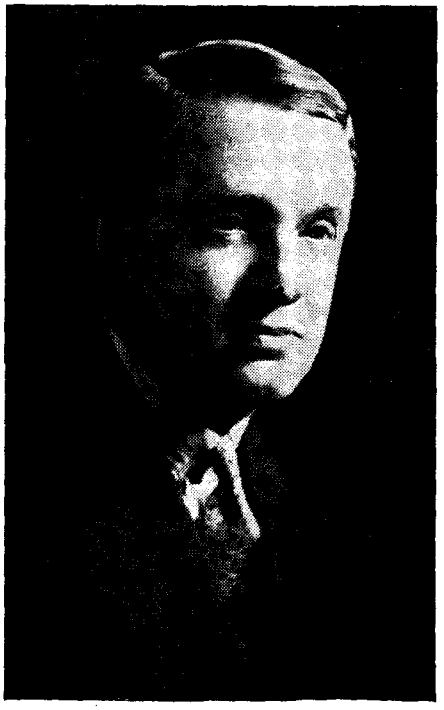
By Sidney Harcave

PROFESSOR Michael Florinsky established his reputation as a historian of Russian affairs when he wrote "The End of the Russian Empire," dealing with the circumstances of the fall of the Romanov dynasty. Now, twenty-two years after the publication of that work, he has returned to omega by starting from alpha. His latest work is a solid and in some ways a unique history of Russia from the establishment of the Kievan state to the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. He omits the period of Communist Russia, he says, not because of the historian's common reluctance to treat recent events but because of the magnitude of the task of handling those years in the manner he employs for the previous ones.

"Russia: A History and an Interpretation" belongs to the genre of interpretative accounts which range from Mirsky's minuscule work of some seventy pages to Soloviev's twenty-nine volumes. Florinsky's is the first large-scale one to be written in the English language (of the ten-volume history by Vernadsky and Karpovich, now under way, only three volumes have appeared). Few American- or English-born students of Russian history have had access to the training for such a difficult undertaking; fewer still have the necessary capacity and confidence. Florinsky, though primarily an economist (teaching at Columbia), is amply qualified as a historian. He has had the benefit of educational training in Russia, where he was born; an apprenticeship as research assistant to Sir Paul Vinogradoff, one of the most brilliant historians and political scientists to have been forced out of Czarist Russia; and the experience of editing the Russian series of the "Economic and Social History of the World War."

The scholar who sets forth to interpret the history of Russia steps on ground bloodied by the conflicts of generations of historians. Many problems of Russian historiography are still submerged in contention because of the lack of data for the first centuries—we know a great deal less about tenth-century Russia than about Periclean Greece—and by the political significance which Russians have attached to the elucidation of historical questions. On this treacherous ground Florinsky walks confidently but not arrogantly. Although he deals with contentious matters, he does not write contentiously. He carefully states the problems, indicates the opinions of the leading authorities, and gives his own views.

The result is Russian history without abracadabra. Florinsky finds no "messages" or deviously determined meanings in the broad sweep of the Russian past. He believes in no Russian "mission" and finds no Russian "soul." He is, in fact, a singularly dispassionate historian who writes without any discernible philosophy of history and without any particular aim other than that of establishing and interpreting the facts of the past. Thus he lives up to the ideals of the American academic historian, whose writings often lack the grandeur and verve of older historical writing but aim to compensate with authoritative usefulness.



Michael Florinsky—"established reputation."

WHILE urging no particular point of view toward Russian history as a whole, Florinsky does hold definite points of view toward specific problems. He does not demonstrate the type of prejudice which led to Anatole France's statement that one "seeks in history only the stupidities with which he is already familiar," but he has a tendency now and again to weigh his arguments in favor of certain interpretations. In his treatment of the Ukrainian question, for instance, he leans heavily toward the traditional Great Russian position: that the Ukrainians are only Russians marred by a Southern accent and that Ukrainian nationalism is but the rattling of loose screws in otherwise empty heads. The extreme nationalist claim to a completely distinct Ukrainian history may be without foundation, but that fact does not warrant the minimization of the Ukrainians' past nor the belittling of their political aspirations.

An occasional indication of bias, however, is easily forgiven in an author who generally maintains as rigorous a standard of fair judgment as Florinsky does. His treatment of the collapse of the Russian monarchy in 1917 would alone go far toward verifying his dispassionate honesty as a historian; it must have been difficult for him, a former soldier in the armies of the Czar, an émigré, and an opponent of the Communist regime, to view 1917 impartially, but he has done so. He writes as one disenchanted with all the parties and groups which sought to determine Russia's future in 1917. In his judgment, the Communist victory could have been averted only if Kerensky had chosen to steal the Communist thunder by making immediate peace with Germany and by distributing land to the peasants—a choice which Kerensky was neither willing nor able to make.

It can safely be predicted that "Russia: A History and an Interpretation," the careful scholarship of which is presented in a style marked by narrative clarity and incisive characterizations, will be widely accepted not only as a reliable work of reference but also as a history to be read for pleasure and understanding.

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Why Communism Succeeds—or Fails

"From Lenin to Malenkov," by Hugh Seton-Watson *(Frederick A. Prager. 377 pp. $6), is a freewheeling history of world Communism. Our reviewer, Alexander Dallin, is associate director of the Research Program on the USSR, a project sponsored by the Ford Foundation.*

By Alexander Dallin

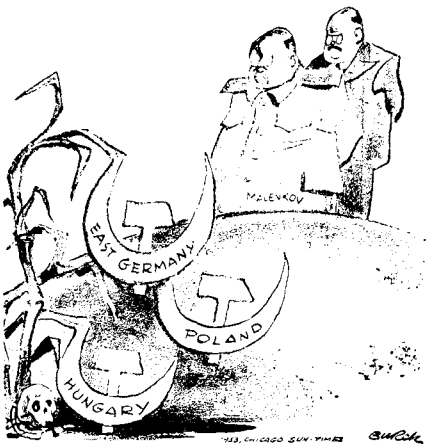
WHY does Communism succeed in some countries at certain junctures and why does it fail in others? This is the central problem to which Hugh Seton-Watson addresses himself in "From Lenin to Malenkov: A History of World Communism." Professor at London University, son of an outstanding historian, and himself the author of several standard works on Eastern Europe, Dr. Seton-Watson hurls at the reader a solid, dehydrated mass of historical facts. Perhaps assuming too much ignorance on the reader's part, he reviews European, Russian, and Oriental history *ab ovo* and, putting the comparative method to excellent use, presents a dizzying bird's-eye view of Communist history, which ranges from Malaya to Moscow, from Iceland to the Philippines. Given the dimensions involved, it is hardly surprising that some subjects (*e.g.*, Eastern Germany since 1945, Guatemala, Comintern techniques) do not receive proportionate treatment. But all in all it is a fascinating and exhausting roller-coaster ride over thirty-five years of Communism, past lurid horror chambers and through momentary tunnels of love, up and down the dialectical inclines of class warfare and national fronts, popular uprisings, and people's unions, coups, civil wars, and endlessly changing slogans.

The observer of 1953, perhaps perplexed by recent reports from Moscow, will find ample precedent for the succession of blowing hot and cold. Invariably, the evidence indicates, spells of Communist "cooperation" and "moderation" have been succeeded by returns to tougher and less conciliatory tactics. This was true of the Soviet NEP, of Chinese "agrarian reformism," of the French "popular front," and of Eastern European "coalition governments."

The tenacious reader who has stayed with the author through fifteen chapters of facts and footnotes will be richly rewarded by the final chapter, a brilliant essay on "Communism, Social Classes, and Power." Here the hardware earlier assembled is beautifully sorted and used for a typology of Communist progress.

Communist practice, one may readily infer, constitutes an excellent refutation of Communist theory. "Red" seizures of power have stemmed not from economic distress as Communists had assumed, but from a shattering of the state machine, usually as the result of war. Again, contrary to Marxist dogma, it has been the backward countries that have permitted Communists to take power—usually in a most unorthodox combination of frustrated intellectual leaders with peasant masses. Only in the more advanced industrial states has the "proletariat" provided Communist cadres; yet it is precisely here that the famous Marxist polarization of rich and poor has failed to set in, and the increasing prosperity of the rank-and-file has dampened the revolutionary ardor; at the same time democratic institutions and traditions have made well-nigh impossible a smooth seizure of power by a fanatical minority.

It takes force to instal Communist regimes: in Russia, China, Yugoslavia force was exerted through the local "Reds"; in the satellites prefabricated revolution was imposed at the point of Soviet bayonets. It takes force to perpetuate them: the terror machine is an organic element of their survival. And it takes force to oust them: Hungary in 1919 and Greece in 1944-45 illustrate this fact. The realization of the role of force has been reflected in the ever-growing Soviet determination to exercise iron-clad control over the Communist movements abroad. Though not a primary purpose of this survey, the utter subjection of world Communism to the Soviet leadership becomes amply and persuasively apparent.



Burck in Chicago Sun-Times.

"Crop Failure"

AT THE same time there sets in in all areas where Communists have attained authority a systematic social and political transformation in emulation of the Soviet model—varying but slightly in technique and speed from country to country, for reasons which Dr. Seton-Watson incisively analyzes.

The product in Russia as in the satellites is the degeneration of the "worker's state" into "a combination of the economic exploitation of early capitalism with the political terror of modern totalitarianism." The peasantry, lured by the prospect of land, finds itself subject to collectivization and centralized coercion. For nationalists who succumb to Communist appeals of liberation the fruits of gullibility are colonization by the new masters. And the intellectual who joins to fight for social justice finds himself tragically deceived and humiliated, given the choice of kowtowing or risking extinction. The equalitarian movement gives rise to a new privileged caste; the proletarian state produces mediocre middle-class esthetic values; and the anti-imperialist drive gives birth to a new and boundless expansionism of its own.

Yet Professor Seton-Watson's conclusions are by no means black. His evidence suggests that Communists are far from infallible; in fact, their ideological blinkers have time and again led them into mistaken analyses that have cost them power and prestige. A combination of strong armaments with social and economic reforms to eradicate injustice and poverty: such in essence is the author's recipe for the free world until liberation—necessary and inevitable—of the peoples under Communism can realistically be brought about "without war."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1016)

MONICA SONÉ:
NISEI DAUGHTER

It's really nice to be born into two cultures. The hardest part, I guess, is the growing up. But, after that, it can be interesting and stimulating. I used to feel like a two-headed monstrosity, but now I find that two heads are better than one.

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An Earlier Tyranny

"The Mongols and Russia," by George Vernadsky *(Yale University Press. 462 pp. $7.50), is a distinguished scholar's answer to the question: What effect did two centuries of Tatar rule have on the Russian people? Professor Robert J. Kerner, who reviews it below, is director of the Institute of Slavic Studies at the University of California, Berkeley.*

By Robert J. Kerner

APART from the search for an adequate interpretation of Soviet foreign policy, no subject has so intrigued historians and social scientists as the changes brought about by over two centuries of Mongol (Tatar) rule in Russia. No outstanding historian of Russia has been able to withstand the urge to answer the question: What did it mean to Russia and to the Russian people?

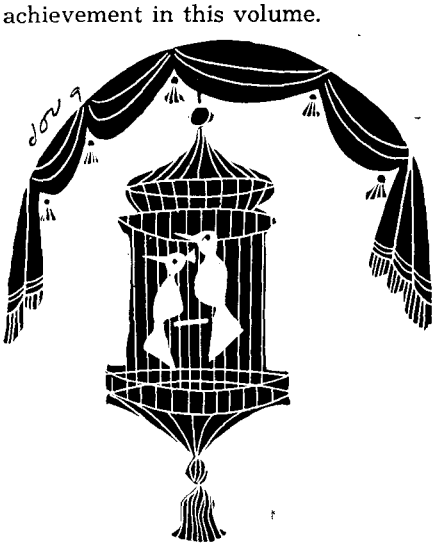
George Vernadsky's "The Mongols and Russia," a volume distinguished by mature scholarship and based on thorough research and keen synthesis, gives the best answer thus far offered to this fundamental question. The author realized that "the only road to proper understanding of the basic trends in Russia's political and social development" during the period of Mongol rule was through "a study of the Mongols and Russia in their interrelations." Critical of himself, the author regrets that he had no room to give "a balanced picture of Russian social, economic, and cultural life under the Mongols," and particularly as regards West Russia and Novgorod. Actually, even in this respect he has done more than any previous author to clarify the larger framework in which both these regions developed during that period.

Based on an unusual linguistic equipment, ranging from Russian through Turkish, Mongol, and Chinese sources, and extended over the entire Eurasian complex, into which even Eastern Asia, the Near East, and Central Europe are drawn, the author has with meticulous care untangled many complex problems by a skilful handling of countless details.

Out of this arduous labor has emerged his explanation, neither minimized nor exaggerated, regarding the meaning of the "impact" of Mongol rule on the Russian state and society both during and after it. Kievan Russia and Muscovite Russia represented two different and contrasting sociopolitical systems. Federal Kievan Russia, with a strong urban complexion in which the monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic powers "were counterbalanced" and the people, relatively free, had a voice in the Government, had become under Moscow a unitary state with a fast-developing autocracy in which all classes were being enserfed in a manorial economy. Space is lacking here to point out in detail the author's analysis of how the elements in the picture (national economy, agriculture, commerce, government and administration, military affairs and conscription, finance and taxation, and social, cultural, and spiritual life) changed, owing to pressure either from the Mongols or from beneath as a result of the reaction of a people who were always consciously or otherwise prodding their native princes for their liberation. Out of the disaster and agony of subjugation, which curbed or deformed its institutions, Russia came out "much stronger than before the Mongol invasion." The Russian people and their rulers issued from it, still very much themselves, but steeled, patient, and long-suffering, ready for further sacrifices to make secure the independence which they had achieved by 1480.

While scholars may point to minor errors and differ here and there in their interpretations, it is doubtful whether they will be able to oppose successfully the fundamental conclusions reached by the author. Some will wish he had gone into further detail in historical geography at strategic points or that he had more clearly developed the shift of trade routes in Russia from the Baltic-Dnieper-Black Sea to the Baltic-Volga-Caspian Sea axis or that he had evolved some of the changes in the national character of the people.

It is doubtful whether any or all such criticisms or suggestions can detract from the truly outstanding character of Professor Vernadsky's achievement in this volume.



One of Russia's Greats

"Chekhov: A Life," by David Magarshack *(Grove Press. 431 pp. $6) is a fresh interpretation of the career of the Russian physician whose avocation was literature. Ivar Spector, who reviews it below, is a member of the staff of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute of the University of Washington.*

By Ivar Spector

OF ALL Russian writers of the classical age perhaps Chekhov is the best known in this country. His reputation has been due in part to the popularity of the Moscow Art Theatre, which made his plays a standard feature of its repertoire, and to outstanding performances of "The Seagull," "The Cherry Orchard," "Uncle Vanya," and "The Three Sisters" on the American stage. As a result we probably have more "authorities" and specialists on Chekhov than on any other writer of the Golden Age of Russian literature.

Fortunately "Chekhov: A Life," by David Magarshack, is not just another biography of the great Russian dramatist, rehashing what has already been said. The presentation is fresh, thought-provoking, and on the whole convincing, although readers may not accept all the author's conclusions. His production in rapid succession of a translation of and commentary on Lydia Avilov's "Chekhov in My Life" (1950), of "Stanislavsky: A Life" (1951), "Chekhov the Dramatist" (1952), and finally "Chekhov: A Life" (1953) has made Mr. Magarshack the outstanding authority on Chekhov in the English-speaking world today. Only a person with native Russian background plus years of familiarity with Western literary standards and technique could have attained such a happy combination of feeling and form in handling a dramatist of the character and stature of Chekhov.

This biography sheds new light on Chekhov's relations with the women in his life, with literary associates such as Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Gorky, and Suvorin, publisher and editor of *The New Times,* as well as on the escapist motives underlying his journey to Sakhalin. The most striking revelation of this work, even for the expert, however, is the double tragedy in Chekhov's life: his inability to produce a novel in the nineteenth-century Russian genre and his failure to secure recognition as a writer of comedies rather than of tragedies.

Chekhov, to be sure, had the tech-

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nique and methodology to produce a first-rate novel. His initial assumption that the novel was but an enlargement of the short story, a literary form in which he was already proficient, might have been warranted had he been writing fiction in a Western European environment. Not so in Czarist Russia. After several ineffectual attempts at writing a novel Chekhov in 1888 explained his predicament in a letter to Grigorovitch: "I haven't acquired a political, philosophic, and religious outlook on life." This, he recognized, was the prerequisite at that time for a bona fide Russian novelist.

Chekhov had discovered that the nineteenth-century Russian novel was written, not to entertain its readers, but to enlighten them on the crucial issues of the day, political, social, and ideological. In contrast to formal Russian history, which recorded primarily the domestic and foreign policies of the rulers, the Russian novel related the history and achievements of the Russian people. Thus a first-rate Russian novelist needed to be at one and the same time a political scientist, an historian, a theologian, and a sociologist, as well as an artist, and this proved too much for Chekhov, with his specialized medical training. This was tragedy number one.

ALTHOUGH he does not say so explicitly, Mr. Magarshack clearly implies that Chekhov, having failed to become a novelist, worked tirelessly to raise the level of Russian drama to that of the novel. Following in the footsteps of Gogol, whose national comedy "The Revizor" established a trend, it became the goal of every Russian dramatist of the nineteenth century to write an outstanding comedy, just as it was taken for granted that the Russian novel provided the best medium for a tragic plot.

In this biography, as well as in his previous study of "Chekhov the Dramatist," Magarshack has advanced the thesis that Chekhov intended his plays to be regarded as comedies rather than as tragedies. In his last play, "The Cherry Orchard," he was certain that he had achieved his goal. His dismay over the interpretation of this play by the Moscow Art Theatre as a tragedy led him to accuse Stanislavsky of ruining "The Cherry Orchard." Where Chekhov had intended Lopakhin to occupy the center of the stage, the Moscow Art Theatre made the Ranevskys the focal point of the drama, thus converting the play from a comedy into a tragedy. It was no solace to him when some of his

(*Continued on page* 34)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Escaping Boredom or Unhappiness

"Drug Addiction Among Adolescents" *(Blakiston. 320 pp. $4) is the record of conferences held at the New York Academy of Medicine late in 1951 and early 1952. Here it is reviewed by Albert Deutsch, author of "Our Rejected Children," and other books on social problems.*

By Albert Deutsch

TWO years ago the nation passed through one of its occasional spasms of juvenile delinquency jitters. This time the focus was on teen-age drug addiction, and it scared the daylights out of millions of American parents.

When the smog of hysteria had cleared a few basic facts stood out: there had been a sharp upswing in adolescent addiction in a few metropolitan areas—notably New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Baltimore, and Washington. Within these cities most of the addiction was confined to specific slum districts tenanted mostly by minority-group families. There had been a postwar increase in illegal narcotics traffic, most of it anticipated by experts who sensed that the traffic was bound to resume with the lifting of wartime restrictions on international trade and travel. The problem of teen-age addiction, actual and potential, remained serious enough, but the pin-pointing permitted concentration on the few main centers of drug activity and dispelled the mounting national hysteria.

While the hysteria raged a group of some fifty assorted experts met in New York City for a one-day conference in November 1951, under the sober auspices of the New York Academy of Medicine and the financial sponsorship of the Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation. They convened again for a two-day conference four months later. The proceedings of these two conferences are now made available in an instructive volume published under the title "Drug Addiction Among Adolescents."

The aim of the conference was threefold: to sift the known facts from the plethora of suppositions and speculations, to seek lines of action based on these known facts, and to explore areas for further research to reduce the unknown. The conferences brought together in the spirit of "multi-discipline discussion" public-health men, sociologists, psychiatrists, psychologists, general physicians, social workers, judges, educators, child-welfare experts, police, prosecuting and probation officers, and others.

Nearly all of them had direct contact with the problem on the agenda. The first conference consisted largely of prepared papers and discussions based on them, the second wholly on free-wheeling, catch-as-catch-can discussion. Much of the talk centered around conditions and plans in New York City, but the national scene came in for extensive and intensive analysis.

Out of it all emerged a lot of fundamental facts about drug addiction in general and juvenile addiction in particular, stated in simple language because the experts were talking to people who, although they were also experts, were as laymen with respect to the speaker's specialty. The volume, then, represents an easily readable, interesting, and frank dialogue that sums up what experts in fields concerned with teen-agers and delinquency and narcotics know and think about an important social problem that set the country on its ears.

More important, perhaps, it represents one model technique for getting knowledgeable people together to exchange information and ideas on short notice whenever a problem of national interest becomes particularly acute.

AMONG the basic facts about teen-age narcotic addiction to emerge from the conferences were these: Two main factors determine the spread of addiction in adults and youngsters alike—availability of the drug supply and motivation to use it. Conversely, the fight against addiction has two main goals: drying up the sources of supply and eliminating or reducing the causes that drive humans to use and then depend upon drugs for other than legitimate medical reasons. Narcotic addiction develops "accidentally" from initially legitimate contact with drugs; usually it starts from a desperate inner drive to escape boredom or a non-satisfying way of life. The widespread introduction of marijuana,

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itself a non-addicting drug, in some urban slums has turned out to be a dangerous steppingstone to the use of addicting drugs like heroin and morphine in efforts to get bigger and bigger kicks. The successful treatment of addiction is not primarily a medical but a social problem. Doctors have "cured" many addicts of all ages, only to find the majority returning to drugs after getting back to their old environments.

Dr. Frank Fremont-Smith, a participant of the Academy of Medicine conferences, expressed a growing viewpoint among experts when he observed:

> One may view drug addiction among adolescents as one symptom of a deep-seated social malaise of large cities—a malaise which may manifest itself through other symptoms, also, such as truancy, gang warfare, and delinquency. The basic malaise, for which there is no single term, is the result of the various deprivations suffered by children and their families in crowded, impoverished slum areas, in areas of racial tension, in areas where the community fails to provide for the basic physical, emotional, and educational needs of children. A major difficulty is that we are inclined to take this basic social illness for granted, as inevitable, but when one of the symptoms comes to our notice, such as an outbreak of gang warfare or drug addiction, there is a somewhat frenzied effort to deal with the presenting symptom while continuing to ignore the basic problem.

The free, frank, informed, and informal nature of this volume of dialogue makes it an admirable contribution to the literature not only of teen-age addiction but also of group interaction.

Genussgifte Victim

"I Was A Drug Addict," by Leroy Smith and David Loth *(Random House, 247 pp. $3), is the life story of a man who took up the "pleasure poison" at the age of fifteen, but ultimately succeeded in curing himself of it. Here it is reviewed by Dr. Frederic Wertham, director of the Lafargue Psychiatric Clinic, and author of "Dark Legend," a book dealing with the rehabilitation of an adolescent.*

By Frederic Wertham, M. D.

DRUG addiction is a fearful affliction. In practically every case it leads to a degree of mental and physical suffering that makes the greatest demands on the resistance of the personality and on the resources of medical science. In German technical language some chemical substances are called *Genussgifte,* or pleasure poisons, a good and honest term. They give pleasure and they are poison. We know today—or at least we should know—that the dogma of the "incurable drug addict" is scientifically untenable and that with proper psychiatric treatment half, if not more, of the cases—including serious ones—can or could be permanently cured.

Drug addiction among juveniles was hushed up for a long time, just as childhood prostitution still is. Then a member of the staff of New York City's Lafargue Clinic brought the first case to the official notice of the authorities. The reaction of the community was the usual one. Everybody blamed everybody else, especially the children themselves. Newspapers and magazines had sensational stories. Public hearings were held with tape recordings of child addicts. One magazine, *Harper's,* printed a sensational story against sensational stories, claiming without apology to the ostrich that the teen-age drug menace "simply doesn't exist." Committees sprang up and found what those in contact with these cases had been pointing out for years, that facilities are inadequate.

Now we are in the literary phase of the community reaction to this problem, as evidenced by the appearance of such a book as "I Was A Dope Addict," by Leroy Street and David Loth. This is a straightforward account of a man who became a drug addict at the age of fifteen, underwent the harrowing experiences of various "cures," always succumbed again, and finally recovered fully on his own initiative, more than twelve years later. These events took place decades ago. There are echoes of the Triangle Shirtwaist factory fire, the Rosenthal-Lieutenant Becker murder case, the First World War, the Bridge of Sighs from the old Tombs to the Criminal Courts Building, a portrait of "Legs" Diamond as a youth. But the account is by no means obsolete, for the conditions described have largely remained "obsolete." In some respects they are even worse today.

The chief interest of the book is the account of the emotional reactions of the hero to these social-medical-penological conditions and to the drugs themselves. One might have wished that the whole story had been told entirely in his own words without the help of a writer. Then the book might in certain regards have been less well written; but it would have been even more valuable both as literature and as a document.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* has pointed out that one of the causes of juvenile drug addiction is an "undue stimulation of children's curiosity" about narcotics. That incentive continues, however, to be plentifully supplied. Any child can go to a candy store and read about heroin in a comic book: "ONE NEEDLE FULL OF JOY JUICE AND YOU GET SATISFIED WITH THE WORLD!" We know enough about juvenile drug addiction to prevent it and to cure it. And yet we do not do either. That is, or would be, the real story.

U.N. Notes

FROM its inception the United Nations and several of its specialized agencies have given particular attention to problems of public and mental health. One of the first reports of the World Health Organization was devoted to **"Maternal Care and Mental Health"** (Geneva 1951, $2). The work of John Bowlby, M.D., director of the Child Guidance Department, Tavistock Clinic, London, this very interesting study considers the adverse effects of maternal deprivation, the possibilities of preventing it, and the needs of homeless children.

The United Nations has also shown great interest in another vital problem: the prevention of crime and the treatment of offenders. It has collected data about legislative and administrative provisions, analyzed the prevailing systems in a great many countries, and has initiated a number of important studies in this field. Top priority has been given to the delinquency of juveniles.

The Department of Social Affairs

(Continued on page 32)

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The Saturday Review

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Slave or Master?

THE British, or rather the British as typified by John Bull, have always had a reputation for solid sobriety of character. Yet there is no people among whom the eccentric has flourished more continuously and more delightfully. British history and literature from early times to the present have shown instance after instance of unconventional conduct in that class which of all others might be supposed to act with the strictest regard to a code of behavior — the aristocracy. Indeed, eccentricity is almost a by-product of British aristocracy, the obverse of its devotion to the principle of "noblesse oblige." Even in our own day one has to go no further than such delightful volumes as those published in recent years by writers like Victoria Sackville-West and Sir Osbert Sitwell to discover British aristocracy operating at its most fascinating.

We in America have our eccentrics too, but they are a different sort, queer folk rather than odd, given to fostering their quirks with deliberate intention, themselves aware of their humorous aspects and not above enjoying the sensation which their revolt against standards and norms may evoke. Their eccentricity is one of conduct rather than of character.

Eccentricity of the British sort springs, no doubt, from the nature of a society entrenched in the past, a society so secure in the position which a caste system bestows upon its privileged members that it is under no necessity of conforming to the customary. But if its outcropping of the individual and the singular has hitherto [illegible] recurring phenomenon, there is no certainty that it will long remain so. For who can be sure that Britain the welfare state will grow eccentricity as Britain the class society did? May not that uniformity and conformity of manners and pursuits which foreign critics have so often held up against America become its portion too?

It is commonly held by denunciators of the so-called American "bathtub" civilization that it is inimical to the development of culture in the truest sense, that it substitutes for esthetic, artistic, and intellectual values mere material well-being. To an extent, of course, that is true, but only to an extent and possibly only for the present. It quite possibly holds true only for that transitional era in which American society had been capitalizing upon the efforts and energy expended in its evolution from a pioneering nation to a land of colossal wealth and power. History, after all, has long made a point of the fact that the magnificent flowering of ancient civilization rested upon the institution of slavery, which released opportunity at the top for the art and literature which became the glory of antiquity. In a way, the mechanization of the present-day world produces the condition of the ancient in that the enormous development of labor-saving devices and of contrivances and sciences which amplify the capacities of mankind afford the base for the leisure necessary to widespread cultural pursuits. Mechanization is the present-day slave power, with the difference that in the mechanized society there is no group of the community which does not share in the benefits of its inventions.

That, as is often said, we have become the slaves of the machine has far less validity than that contemporary society has reached a stage where it has as never before the possibility of extending the content of life through the release of time formerly exhausted in the mere physical effort of existence. If the welfare state tends on the one hand to reduce nonconformity, it promises on the other—through easier mastery of the mechanism of living—to promote uniform opportunity for a fuller culture.

—A. L.

Out of What Dark?

By Eva Byron

OUT of what vast and watery caverns came
These colored pebbles scattered on the sand;
From what damp hall, forever without name,
That bit of coral column in your hand?
What sensitive and small sea-creatures crawled
Across the ocean floor, or dared to sleep
Enclosed by these bright shells, securely walled
Against the many monsters of the deep?

Walk down the beach and gather, shell by shell,
The rare, the beautiful, the empty home—
What wild, weird tales the least of these could tell
Of life beneath the slow green wave, the foam!
Out of what dark, what danger has each one
Washed up to lie here in this warm, bright sun?

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ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR

I MADE EIGHTY CENTS yesterday.

In doing so I conducted research which led to the formulation of Barrett's Law—namely: It ain't no easier to sell books than to write them.

Precisely at the agreed-on hour I strode into the bookstore. Seeing no customers inside, I wandered around to the outside window, trying to appear aimless about it all. Yes, there it was—a handsome little window sign: "Mr. Edward W. Barrett, author of 'Truth Is Our Weapon,' will be pleased to Autograph copies of the Book between 11:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. on Monday." Beside the sign were three copies of The Book, plus a nice large placard with some clippings pasted on it.

Moreover, I noted with some sense of importance, two individuals were reading the placard. One was a boy in his early teens; the other a middle-aged man in a Miami sport shirt. The latter was carefully reading the advice from the *Chicago Sun-Times*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *Florida Times-Union*, etc., to the effect that no one should dream of missing the book. He obviously dissented, for he soon walked on to the next shop window. I straightened my coat and walked into the store, with some premonitions that I wasn't precisely destined for writer's cramp that day.

I introduced myself to the only clerk in sight. She smiled pleasantly, gave me a polite so-what look, and asked if she could help me with anything. I explained that, er, I thought I was there to sign some books in case anybody wanted any. Thereupon she brightened up, pointed to a little table with a pen and some eight copies of The Book arranged on it, and went for the lady in charge of the operation.

In some ten minutes the manager appeared. An intelligent, pleasant woman, she explained that we might sell a lot of books or we might sell none, that you just can't tell in advance. I agreed. Something was said about it being unfortunate there was no local advertising or publicity. Then we both agreed that the weather was very hot, that bookstores were interesting places, and that world conditions seemed serious. She tried to seat me behind the little table but understood my dislike for seeming to sit there like one of those forlorn Red Cross girls in a night club. We agreed I could hover beside the table—just seeming to browse.

As I hovered a customer marched into the store—a portly lady with one of those English-bulldog faces. She marched right to the autograph table, determinedly picked up a copy of The Book. I watched her read a few sentences of the blurb. I braced myself to pounce, pen in hand, only to hear her say "Humph" and wander to another counter.

More browsing. Then, lo and behold, a real buyer. A very pleasant (and naturally very intelligent) gentleman said he had seen me on television last night but hadn't expected to find me here. Now that he had he wanted me to autograph a copy for a friend, a retired colonel. My confidence momentarily improved, I autographed with a flourish.

While I was writing I became aware that other eyes were upon me, that I was becoming a minor center of attention. As I exchanged pleasantries with my first purchaser I identified the new onlookers. One was a messenger waiting for a package; the other was the young lady who had been looking for deckle-edged stationery. She quickly explained her interest: "Could I borrow that pen for a moment?"

More Barrett browsing. More customers began to trickle into the store. An occasional one picked up The Book, gave it a quick scan, put it down, moved on, and scanned another book. After an hour and ten minutes one woman bought a copy and had it autographed. Not wanting to loiter unproductively, I used the next forty-five minutes of spare time for a Barrett survey of bookstore customers. My findings:

Seven out of eight customers came in, wandered and browsed, and left empty-handed, most of them without even consulting a clerk.

One out of eight bought something, but in nearly 50 per cent of all cases the purchase consisted of greeting cards, stationery, or some other item not enriching book publishers.

The how-to-do-it table was clearly the most popular, but not the most profitable. Seven "customers" seemed to spend most of their lunch hour there. Only one of them made a purchase. The others seemed to learn how to do it right in the store and let it go at that. One distinguished looking gentleman took two pages of notes on "How to Get a Mortgage," then graciously left the book there for others to use.

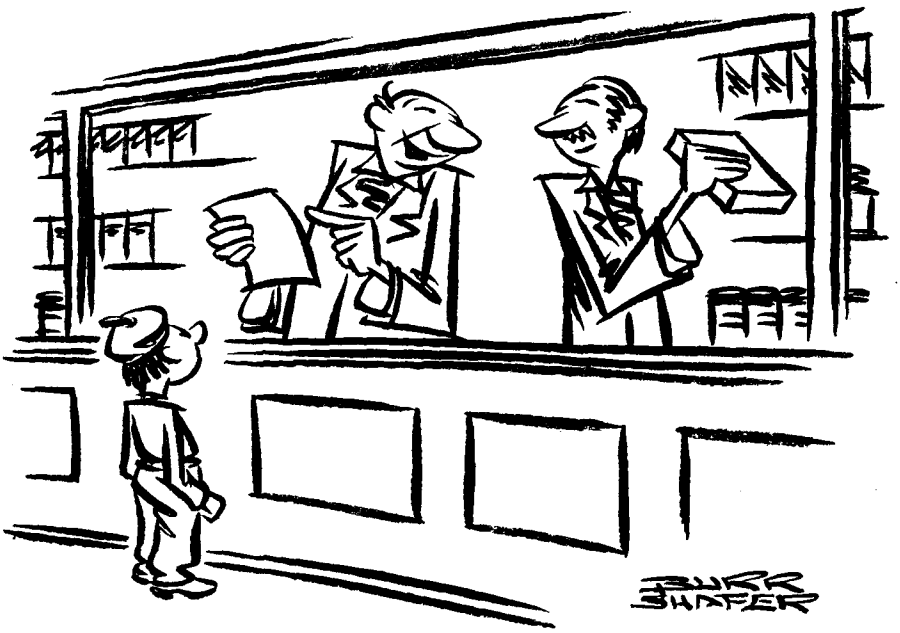
I kept glancing at the window to see who was reading that sign about Barrett Himself being present. In the course of some two hours I counted thirteen. That total didn't include the man in the Miami shirt, who returned for a second reading but never entered the store.

As 2:00 P.M. rolled around I told the store manager that I was afraid we had set some sort of negative record. She expressed her regret that "we had so little luck." As I climbed into a cab and grumbled about the $1.50 fare into the middle of town the driver protested: "Don't forget, Mac, we sometimes have to wait here for an hour and a half before we get a chance to take in even a lousy dollar and a half."

"That's not too bad," I observed.

EDWARD W. BARRETT.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Another container of bee salve for Monsieur Maeterlinck."

"CONSOLATIONS"

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY'S essay "The Consolations of Illiteracy" [*SR* Aug. 1] should be in every collection of essays printed henceforth and should be required reading, every other morning, for all teachers of literature....

BILL ALLEN.

Chicago, Ill.

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No Wonder!

The author of this article is minister of Central Hall, London, the largest Methodist church in Great Britain. He has written several books on religious themes, among them "Teach Us to Pray."

By W. E. SANGSTER

I THINK it was Charles Lamb who said that he thought there might be a lake at the bottom of his garden but that he had never been to see in case there wasn't. If that sounds slightly mad to some who read this they might pause to understand what Lamb was saying in his whimsical way. He was wanting to keep *wonder* in life. Life without wonder is near-death.

Have you ever tried to analyze the charm of childhood? Half the secret is here: children can still wonder. Do you want to remain young? Learn to keep wonder in your life. Not that wonder is all charm and youthfulness. It has elements of mystery, awe, and even *fearfulness*. It can allure and frighten at the same time. Who can analyze the feelings of Francis Drake circumnavigating the globe, unable in his consuming curiosity to turn back, but half fearful of the horrors that might lie before him? What kept stout Cortez when he first saw the Pacific "*silent* upon a peak in Darien"? Hidden in that wondering silence is all the allure and all the dread of the unknown.

Philosophers and scientists know it too. It lives at the frontiers of knowledge as well as at the frontiers of exploration. Socrates said that all philosophy began in wonder. Why was man not content to eat and drink and breed like other animals? Because he wondered—because something inside him tortured him with the desire to know.

When Dr. Rudolph Otto, in "The Idea of the Holy," examined primitive man's early and dim awareness of God he said that our remote ancestor was conscious of Something or Someone high and eerie, and that this consciousness both daunted and fascinated him. It said to him, as it were, "Come hither" and "Stand back." Both!—and both together. The wonder of philosophers is like that. The mystery allures and yet daunts. It appeals and repels. No honest and large thinker went in search of God who knew beforehand whether it is more terrible to see the One before whom the angels veil their faces, or to learn that man is all alone in this mysterious universe.

So it is with scientific research. Curiosity is still its great dynamic. Said Einstein: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true science." Fascination and fear are blended in wonder.

But wonder is not only for mental giants or those who can visit strange and far-off lands. All life is wonderful. A man can know common humanity best, in some ways, as he travels into himself. What is this strange thing called life? How public it is—and how private! My whole life is shared by my dearest, and yet I remain eternally apart—forever separate—with chambers of my being known to no one but myself.

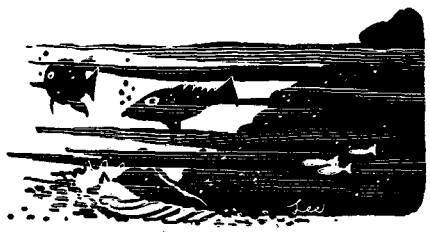
On the day I learned that Everest was climbed I was thrilled. But the next day I felt sad, as though something had been taken from me, almost as though the world had lost allure. Must man always have an unconquered peak? I wonder why.

But the wonders are not only *within* us. They are *around* us. One need not go deep into oneself, or far on the surface of the globe, to find wonders. People who live near "the wonders of the world" do not think them wonderful. Familiarity has stolen all sense of awe. Indeed, some people only give a second glance at one of nature's most amazing miracles if others have first talked it into fame.

"It must have been wonderful," said a visitor to an old man who had been one of the company which discovered the Yosemite, "to have the valley burst suddenly upon you."

The old man spat over the verandah and gave it a moment's thought. Then he said: "Well, I'll tell ya. If I'd ha' knowed it was going to be so famous I'd ha' looked at it."

There are people all over the world eating their hearts out to travel and see wonders which are far away. Most of them are blind to wonders near at hand.



In familiar events of the familiar world about me, which I dismiss as utterly trifling, Shakespeare would find the material for a tragedy. Life is not failing to press the wonderful upon me. Clearly, I am failing to see the wonder which is there. It is the seeing eye and the piercing imagination that we lack.

We get used to things which, when we first knew them, knocked us dumb with wonder. There is a kindly providence, of course, in our human capacity to get used to things. If we never got used to things how could we ever bear our bereavements and overcome our crushing disappointments? But why do we get used to *lovely* things and take for granted what we should ever take with gratitude?

Can you recall the hour when you first realized that your love was reciprocated? To anybody else she was just like any other nice girl and you were like any other ordinary fellow. Your eye saw the wonder in her that no one else so clearly perceived and she saw (wonder of wonders!) glory in you. How strange that that tiny difference in personality should lift her out of all the world for you and (still stranger) that that little difference in you should make you all the world to her.

But you have got used to one another perhaps. No wonder now!—and not much gratitude.

HOW can one keep wonder in life? Is there any mental strategy for seeing all things with mystery and the morning dew upon them?

Holidays are one way. But not chiefly to go places: *just to come back* with film-free eyes.

G. K. Chesterton used to live in Battersea, a section of London. One day as he was leaving for a holiday, a friend walked into his flat.

"Where are you going?" the friend asked.

With a strap between his teeth, Chesterton replied, "To Battersea."

"The wit of your remark," the friend said, "wholly escapes me."

"I am going to Battersea," Chesterton repeated, "to Battersea *via* Paris, Belfort, Heidelberg, and Frankfort. I am going to wander all over the whole world until once more I find Battersea."

"I suppose it is unnecessary to tell you," said his friend with an air of intellectual compassion, "that this is Battersea."

"It is quite unnecessary. And spiritually untrue. I cannot see any

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Battersea here; I cannot see any London or England. I cannot see that door. I cannot see that chair, because a cloud of sleep and custom has come across my eyes. The only way to get back to them is to go somewhere else. The only way to go to Battersea is to go away from it."

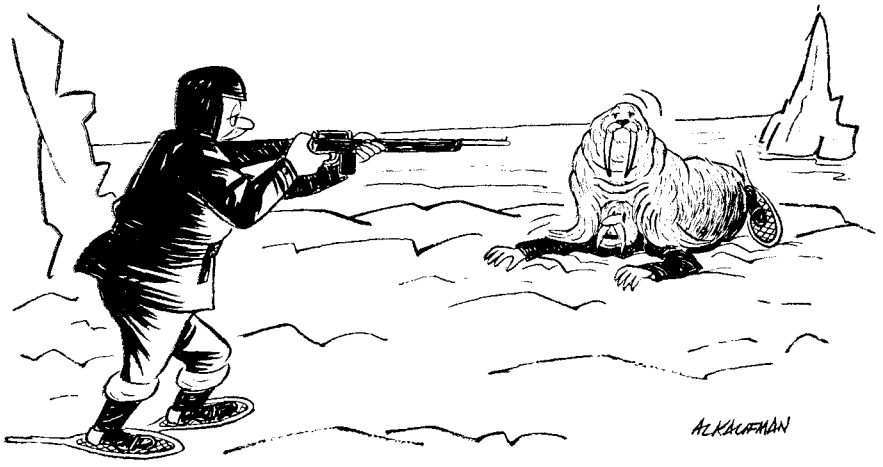
No one will miss the deep wisdom behind that show of nonsense. The end of the vacation is to come home again and to come home not with a grudge in the heart because it is over, but with the eager thrill of being back. That is one way of testing the success of the change. Does home look fresh again? Even a little strange?

But then, of course, one need not go on holiday to work the miracle. A resolute man *could* do it with no holiday at all. Robert Haven Schauffler tells of a shop assistant in Zurich whose hobby was painting and who lived in resentment because his artistic soul was assaulted by all the ugliness he had to pass on his way to work. One day illumination came. A taste for art, he reasoned, was not given to him to resent ugliness but to see beauty where others were blind to it. He resolved to find ten pictures he could paint every time he did that familiar walk. It became fun finding them. A lissom youth helping his mother from a red bus. A ragged boy aping a pompous policeman. A burst of sunlight making a halo round the head of a frizzy blonde. Pictures everywhere.

That is the simple truth. Pictures everywhere! Where most snapshotters fail is not in estimating distances, apertures, and exposures. Too often what they take is not a "picture." Every day they could set out for work resolved to see pictures. They are there! "If I had my camera I would take that." With the seeing eye comes wonder and, with more wonder, a keener eye.

To keep wonder in life I constantly go back in thought to the moment when I first saw or heard or knew a quite wonderful thing. Some rumor of radio had reached me before the day when I called on a friend and learned that his bright boy had made a wireless set. Would I like to listen? Well, I would—never having heard a radio. Just to encourage the boy. But what would I make of those dots and dashes? I smiled benignly on him while he awkwardly placed some earphones on my head and began to fidget with what he called the crystal.

Then it came! A burst of music. The shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem could not have been more startled by the angelic choir. I couldn't believe my ears. It wasn't just dots and dashes. I stared at the boy in incredulity, and I have recalled that incredulity a thousand times since.



"Don't shoot, Kensington—I think he likes me!"

I pause sometimes now just before turning the knob and think myself back to those pre-radio days, and then, with one click, the breathtaking astonishment of broadcasting breaks over me again.

Here is another device I use to preserve my sense of astonishment. I have five senses unimpaired. Whenever I meet a person deprived of one of them I can treble my sympathy for him and treble the gratitude in my own heart by imagining myself without that sense, and then awaking freshly to the wonder of having it. Are they deaf? I put all my mind in my ear and wonder again at the marvel of sound: the hum of the bee, the purr of a great engine, and the subdued murmur of the household chatter downstairs. Are they blind? I shut my eyes awhile and then open them. I can see!—the sun and the shadows, the twenty different greens of the rolling countryside, and the smile beginning to appear at the corner of my wife's mouth.

"It was all right," a man said to me once, though without enthusiasm, when I inquired if he had enjoyed his meal. Then he added: "I've practically no sense of taste, you know."

The poor fellow did me more good than he knew. I've been tasting better ever since. I put my mind to it. I deliberately savor flavors. Smell and touch I am developing too and storing my memory with the harvest which they bring. I can smell at will the lavender farms I visited a year ago in Norfolk, and I can touch again the stubby door-mat head of that little boy we took into our home for a holiday and whom I was allowed to bathe one night.

I may not have the eye of an eagle or the nose of a dog, but my five senses are being developed for beyond my past use of them. How precious they are! Most of the things I foolishly spend my time wanting are not worth one of the treasures I already possess.

Nor do my discoveries end there. I have found that to look at things as work is always to look at them through dark glasses. I am no longer surprised at the old rancher who looked down into Bryce Canyon, Utah, and said that it was "a hell of a place to lose a cow in." He did not give himself a chance to see that great work of nature. He saw it only through the spectacles of drudgery, and those spectacles shut out the light of wonder.

Years ago I visited Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight. There is a small museum there with several suits of armor. I was enthralled. The armor sent my mind threading the long avenues of the historic past. But my reverie was interrupted. A charwoman on holiday came in, took one glance at the armor, and said to her friend: "Cor blimey; I wouldn't like to have to clean that every week."

The most interesting things in nature, history, art, or science will fail to stimulate the imagination if one sees them only as work. Conversely, even work would not seem drudgery if one looked on it with freshness and took pride in doing it well.

Foster your capacity for wonder. Stand and stare at the sea, for instance. It is one of the great refuges of the mysterious on this earth. We know so little of the sea. It is six miles deep in places and who can doubt that it hides creatures never seen by the eye of man? The sea serpent, of course! And what else? Fish of unimaginable horror, fearful and hideous to look upon.

Foster wonder!—of the world, of yourself, of humanity, of Deity. Chesterton said: "The world will never starve for wonders; but only for the want of wonder."

One of the unanswered questions of life is: "*When* is old age?"

My answer would be: "When we have ceased to wonder."

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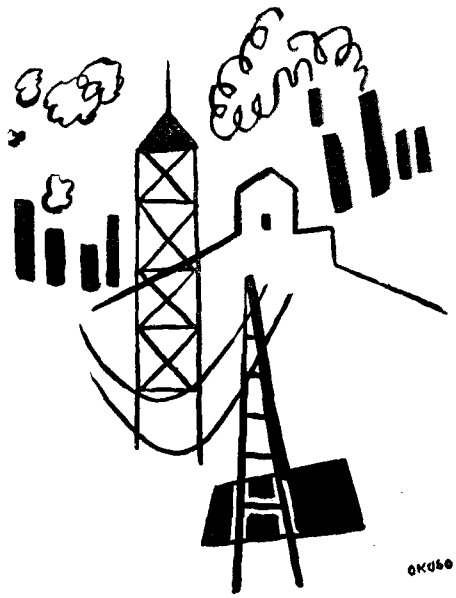
ECONOMICS

A Guide for Everyman



"The Worldly Philosophers," by Robert L. Heilbroner *(Simon & Schuster. 342 pp. $5), is an attempt to explain to the layman the principal theories of economics, which gives some attention to the lives and personalities of their chief proponents. Professor David McCord Wright of the University of Virginia, who reviews it below, is the author of "Capitalism" and other books.*

By David McCord Wright

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER has very nearly attained the impossible. For years people have dreamt of a book which would tell the story of economic thought understandably, interestingly, and accurately for the untrained reader, but few have ever quite succeeded in doing so. Mr. Heilbroner almost does the job. His book on "The Worldly Philosophers" is clear, lively, and fascinating reading. But, unfortunately, he goes down on the third count. It is not accurate. The proportion of error is about 20 per cent, and since the mistakes are distributed pretty much at random, and are often quite serious, the non-economic reader simply cannot rely on any statement of fact in the book without careful outside checking.

The curious thing is that this failure in content seems to be scarcely any of it Heilbroner's fault. If the book is any indication, I should judge him to be an eager, fair-minded, quite sensible man. What he has done in effect, however, is to write up his class notes at Harvard plus some from the New School for Social Research. Since I went through the Harvard end of the mill myself I can often almost hear the voices from which he is quoting. Only once did I find something that looked like an independent journalistic distortion. Heilbroner implies that Lord Keynes was an aristocrat, "an old British name that could be traced back to 1066." But Harrod's life of Keynes is at pains (though suavely) to negative this idea. Keynes's grandfather was, in fact, a florist in a small country town. This slip aside, however, Heilbroner has, I believe, done an excellent reportorial job.

But all the old, threadbare cliches are here. Business really "was competitive" in Adam Smith's time—"prices did rise and fall as demand ebbed and rose," but now we are rushing into monopoly (his reference is to Berle's and Means's "The Modern Corporation"). Heilbroner, following the usual line, is hardly consistent on this one. For, having praised the competitive nature of the economy in Smith's time, he goes on to tell us that regulation was so severe that "no master hatter . . . could employ more than two apprentices or no master cutler in Sheffield more than one." Like so many people, he confuses small size with competition and views the transition from the village to the world economy as a development from pure competition to "monopoly." Nor has anybody apparently brought to his attention the numerous statistical studies made in the last few years which find no evidence of any increase in the concentration of industry since 1900. The fact is that the village economy was custom-ridden to the nth degree while the large units of the national market today are probably far more competitive. It is a lot easier to switch from a Chevrolet to a Ford than it was to walk a horse thirty miles to the next nearest blacksmith.

MUCH more serious is Heilbroner's very confused critique of Marx. The reader gets the impression that Marx's mistake concerning the relation of "values" to "prices" can be made "to come out right," that Marx did isolate special "laws of motion," of the capitalist economy, that Marx predicted the fact that capitalism could survive, and finally that Marxism "remains the gravest, most penetrating examination the capitalist system has ever undergone . . . it is a dispassionate appraisal" ! ! In the space I am limited to the temptation is to comment by just saying "bunk," but the matter is too important to be left. At least one point must be developed.

Should I predict that if a man says "mumbo jumbo" before he gets out of bed he will die that day, and if by chance he does get hit that day by a fire truck, does that prove that my mumbo-jumbo theory is correct? The chief valid law of motion to be found in Marx is that profits in any individual case tend to decline and that therefore capitalism, to continue to exist, must keep changing technique. But this conclusion has been a cornerstone of orthodox economics for the last century and a half at least. And Marx's own ideas are based upon the mistaken treatment of capital and equipment as merely "canned labor." Had Heilbroner read Chapter Four of Schumpeter's "Theory of Economic Development," he would have learned Marx's real mistake. Because he does not know Marx's basic error he confuses the correction of an error in arithmetic with proof that the theory which the arithmetic expresses is correct. In fact it is quite wrong and I only wish I had space really to explain my point.

Because of the same space limitation a full catalogue of error in this book is impossible. The "robber baron" theory is no longer taken by responsible historians as literally true. Thorstein Veblen, as Heilbroner does not tell us, got his basic anthropological approach from the super-orthodox Yale economist William Graham Sumner. Basic pressures toward business fluctuations and insecurity are now recognized to inhere in *any* rapidly growing system and not merely capitalism. Keynes's leading American disciples now admit that *unemployment equilibrium* depends on sticky prices and wages. This greatly reduces the area of conflict between Keynes and the orthodox.

But I do not want to give the impression that Heilbroner is a rip-roaring radical. On the contrary he is, in intention, quite friendly and complimentary to capitalism. The only trouble is that for the most part he just doesn't understand it. He reflects the result of the deep-seated and largely unconscious anti-business bias of so much modern American teaching. Almost without meaning to, or realizing what they were doing, those

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men and those books which might have given the "other side" and produced a scientifically rounded picture were in many cases minimized and (where possible) eliminated. I do not think my readers will have the least idea of what brass-knuckle suppression even as liberal a pro-capitalist economist as the present reviewer will often have encountered.

BY a final irony, which Schumpeter would have savored, the only type of business with which many modern intellectuals can come to terms is the "vested interest," "the good monopoly." Business enterprise, we now hear, is to survive by taxing itself to death and abandoning competition. The thing which is the real life-blood of capitalism—independent opportunity to pass from class to class—is overlooked. But the problem should not be: Do we want big business or little business? The question should be: Does our little business have an adequate chance to grow big? Are our big businesses sufficiently in competition to lose ground when they cease to be progressive?

Schumpeter, as Heilbroner says, taught that capitalism would die not because of its own faults so much as because of the hostile attitude engendered by the intellectual. Yet Heilbroner's own book is an excellent example of how the process works. For nearly all that part of Schumpeter's teaching which would enable the student really to understand the nature of capitalism versus Socialism and Communism does not seem to have reached Heilbroner. Yet I believe there was little malice in all this. It was merely the result of a deeply inbred frame of mind. So I will close with a quotation from Proudhon's letter to Marx: "For God's sake, after we have demolished all the dogmatisms *a priori* let us not . . . attempt in our turn to instil another kind of doctrine . . . let us show the world the example of a learned and far-sighted tolerance . . . let us not set ourselves up as the leaders of a new intolerance." If the American intellectual would really do this capitalism would have little to fear.

Dynamic Theorists at Work

"Economic Essays," by R. F. Harrod (Harcourt, Brace. 301 pp. $4.50), and "Economic Change," by Simon Kuznets (W. W. Norton. 333 pp. $4.50), are new collections of papers on varied aspects of what was once known as the "dismal science," the first by an Oxford economist, the latter by a University of Pennsylvania professor. They are reviewed below by a professor of economics at the University of Texas who is the author of "The Industrial Economy."

By C. E. Ayres

WHEN J. M. Keynes published the book that set the economic world by the ears he remarked in his preface that although he hoped the book would be intelligible to others it was addressed to his fellow economists, and that "the general public, though welcome at the debate, are only eavesdroppers." The same might be said of R. F. Harrod's "Economic Essays" and Simon Kuznets's "Economic Change." Neither is likely to be quite as upsetting as Keynes's "General Theory." But both are the work of front-rank economists, one an Englishman (Oxford) and the other an American (University of Pennsylvania), both in their early fifties and therefore now presumably at the height of their powers. All the essays in both volumes were addressed to professional readers and audiences, and nearly all have appeared in various learned publications (two of Mr. Harrod's in the reports of Royal Commissions). Nevertheless, the serious reader, though a layman, would find much to interest him in both.

In this day of general enthusiasm for "freeing the economy," it might be salutary to note how little confidence those who know most about it have in the classical tradition. Laymen are apt to suppose that it has long since been proved that if left alone the economy will take care of itself. But has it? Writes Mr. Harrod:

> During the century following Adam Smith, certain doctrines concerning competition held the field in political economy. They were stated in the King's English, which does not always allow the finest degree of precision. The last third of the nineteenth century witnessed a sharpening of definitions and postulates and a restatement of principles in mathematical language. This process removed ambiguities and vaguenesses and rendered everything clearer and more precise. There may, however, be a value in ambiguity. The doctrines of competition purported to relate to a real world in which the circumstances and procedures of competitors were various. There was danger, not perhaps fully recognized, that in the very process of sharpening analytical concepts the mathematical school might render them inapplicable to the real world, or to some part of it. . . . What happened in the Twenties was a growing sense that this was *not* good enough, that the divergence of the theoretical model of perfect competition from reality was too great to be tolerated any longer.

This it was, as Mr. Harrod tells the story, that led to the creation of the theory of "imperfect competition." But this was still "essentially a deductive theory." During the years 1934 through 1938 Mr. Harrod participated in a series of discussions of basic business principles and practices between a group of Oxford economists and a group of forty prominent businessmen. "What the Oxford interviews suggested," says Mr. Harrod, "was that these new assumptions [of the theory of imperfect competition], on which high hopes had been built, were still deplorably far removed from reality." In short, it isn't the economy in which we live that has the happy faculty of taking care of itself, but only the ideal model of the theorists.

Approaching the problem from quite another direction—that of massive statistical studies of national income and its fluctuations—Mr. Kuznets arrives at much the same conclusion. Says he:

> Current critics of the economic theory often point out its lack of realism, and suggest that a closer observation of actual life and the utilization of additional inductive materials will remedy the situation. But it is important to realize that as long as static theory remains a *system* (as distinct from a set of descriptive chapters) centered in the concept of equilibrium, with individual activity as a

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unit, it will necessarily remain a distorted picture of *changing* reality.

Moreover, he holds, "the static scheme in its entirety, in the essence of its approach, is neither a basis nor a stepping stone towards a proper treatment of dynamic problems."

Then what stepping stones do economists lay down? In this day of political dogmatism a salutary lesson of intellectual humility might well be learned from these collected essays. On one proposition the best economic minds seem pretty well agreed: we don't know. We haven't the necessary tools. Our knowledge of what is going on in the economy is too limited to give rise to any far-reaching confidence in the remoter future.

Mr. Harrod is a distinguished practitioner of quasi-mathematical analysis (or mathematical quasi-analysis). Most of his essays deal with various aspects of the theory of competition, epecially "imperfect competition," and with the "dynamic theory" by which economists seek to escape from the confinement of "static" theory. His recent book on the latter subject is one of the most resolute efforts yet to be made in that direction. Yet the curious reader who is unacquainted with the professional literature of economics might be astonished to see how true Mr. Harrod runs to Mr. Kuznets's form—how like the poet the dynamic theorist evermore comes out by that same door wherein he went.

FOR his part, Mr. Kuznet's has addressed himself directly to the facts of modern economic life. Whereas the theorist sets up axioms which he hopes bear some relation to reality and seeks to deduce from them an ideal model to which the actual economy might be expected to conform, the statistician amasses great heaps of quantitative data from which he seeks inductively to try to understand what is going on. The reader might be heartened to find how keenly aware the statistician is of the difficulty of his task. "By what legerdemain," Mr. Kuznets asks, in connection with the task of measuring economic welfare, "do we compare totals over long periods, totals that include such modern gadgets as automobiles, airplanes, refrigerators, radios, etc., with those that are bare of all such items but include horse carts, antimacassars, and petroleum used for medicinal purposes? Or, more strikingly, how do we compare, across space, totals comprised of our industrial products with those comprised of voodoo drums, ebony idols,

(*Continued on page* 42)

All This, and Smorgasbord, Too

STOCKHOLM.

TO the average American Sweden stands for two things: smorgasbord and Greta Garbo. Setting aside the smorgasbord, a subject always difficult to consume with any degree of completeness, the myth Garbo would seem to be much more within the compass of this department, particularly since it leads right to the womb of the Swedish theatre. For not only has Sweden trained and exported that fabulous actress, but she has been followed by a long series of gifted and beautiful ladies, of which Ingrid Bergman, Signe Hasso, and Viveca Lindfors are perhaps the best known to Broadwayites.

Along with Garbo, these ladies all received their training at Stockholm's Royal Dramatic School, and their combined achievements would be sufficient plumage for the cap of any organization. However, to the Swedish people these are only a small portion of the fine performers the school has developed, as almost every Swedish star has studied there.

The school's current head, Dr. Stig Torsslow, quite honestly admits that his school is probably no better than London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and Central School, or the drama departments of America's Yale and Carnegie Tech.

"Our pupils tell us the best thing about the school is the jury who pick eight students each year out of the 150 who apply," says Dr. Torsslow. This jury is made up of about eight or nine of the best actors and directors in Sweden, who narrow the competition down through quarter-finals, semi-finals, and finals. Disappointed candidates can try again in ensuing years and very often are accepted on their second or third attempt.

"The real advantage we have over other schools," he adds, "is that we are so closely connected with the living theatre. After the first year our students work with the professional company at the Royal Dramatic Theatre. Then too, the pupils know they are working towards a definite job, with steady work and a Government pension."

While the Swedish theatre originally evolved from the French, the current generation of directors has been strongly influenced by Max Reinhardt and other German producers. Because it has no strongly individual style, non-Swedish-speaking theatregoers will do well to pick only those plays they have already seen or read, and which feature the very best performers. Of these, for instance, there is Gunn Wällgren, thought by many insiders to be the best Swedish actress. She will be seen in "Don Juan in Hell" along with Christian Bratt, a good young actor who is headed for Hollywood. Then there is Inga Tidbald, considered to be the best by the public. She will tour with the Riksteatern in "The Fourposter."

Unquestionably Sweden's finest older actress is Tora Teje, who as soon as she recovers from a broken leg will do Brecht's "Mother Courage." Anita Björk, who sprang into world prominence for her performance in the film "Miss Julie," is making a film in Germany with Gregory Peck, and Mai Zetterling is playing in a London production of "The Doll's House." Irma Christenson will appear opposite Sweden's greatest male actor, Lars Hanson, in the Royal Theatre production of Strindberg's "The Father," and Eva Dahlbeck will appear with Mr. Hanson in Eugene O'Neill's "Moon for the Misbegotten." The latter is something of an opportunity for Americans, because the play has not yet been seen on Broadway. Rounding out the list of top Swedish actresses are Eva Henning, who will co-star with Hasse Ekman in "The Petrified Forest" and in "Escapade"; Gertrud Fridh, who plays in the Malmö production of "The Moon Is Blue" under the less loony title of "Patty"; Annika Tretow, who will star in the Göteborg production of a hitherto unproduced Lorca play titled "When Five Years Have Passed"; and finally Mai-Britt Nillson, who will play the wife in "The Dazzling Hour." Incidentally, this play—which will open in New York this fall—originally had the same actress playing the wife and the cocotte, and there is some posibility of it being played that way in Stockholm.

Of the male actors Ulf Palme is making films and Sven Milliander is playing in Göteborg in "The Cherry Orchard." Sweden's best comic actor, Sture Lagerwell, will do Wycherly's "The Country Wife," with pretty young Yvonne Lombard, and after that "The Seven-Year Itch." The two best young male actors are Per Oscarsson, who plays Hamlet at

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Göteborg, and Jarl Kulle, who will appear in Pirandello's "Liola" at the Royal Theatre. Other productions of interest to Americans include a dramatization of Kafka's "The Castle" at Malmö, "The Oresteia" (condensed into one evening) at Stockholm, and, of course, "Guys and Dolls" with Ulla Sallert, also in Stockholm. There is also the unique and tiny cellar theatre which is doing "Wozzeck" and "Macbeth."

Since the above represents about three quarters of the season's most important productions, it is evident that Sweden's theatre is more international than the theatre of United States, England, or France. She imports her plays and exports her actresses, a system which makes Americans happy both when they are at home and abroad.

ANOTHER source of high pleasure for theatregoers visiting Stockholm is, of course, the famous theatre at Drottningholm. Situated in the restful shade of the Royal Palace, this priceless relic tells you more about eighteenth-century theatre in a few minutes than you can get from any prolonged study of documents and drawings.

The 187-year-old wooden structure is mellow and quaint. Its milky walls reflect the serenity of an aristocracy unconscious of the poverty and social injustice that made its privilege and leisure possible. Each row of seats is marked with a sign which relegates the servants, the tradesmen, and the ladies not presented at court to the rear. Up front at each side are three tiny boxes. Two are for courtiers who wished to be seen more than they wished to see, and the third is lattice-covered for discreet persons who wished above all not to be seen. Smack up in front are two armchairs. Strangely enough, these were not reserved for the drama critics, but for the king and queen, who in those days had even more influence over the length of a play's run than it is supposed reviewers have today.

Beside the auditorium there are many rooms filled with the best collection of theatrical drawings, paintings, and models I have ever seen. They were placed there by Professor Agne Beijer, who obtained most of them from the Swedish National Museum. It is, indeed, Professor Beijer who discovered the Drottningholm theatre, which had been used as a storehouse from 1800 to 1921. Perhaps he will come to New York one of these days and discover something for us to replace The Empire. After all, it hardly seems fair that Sweden should have both Drottningholm and Garbo.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Gracious Living in Suburbia

FOR AWHILE in the course of watching **"Half a Hero,"** a new Red Skelton movie, I thought that M-G-M was breaking some fresh ground by indulging in a gentle rib of today's suburban dwellers. It didn't take long, though, before the project (if that was the project) was allowed to drift away into the void. Not that I regard suburbanites as in crying need of satiric treatment, but it occurs to me that it would be interesting if Hollywood were, now and then, to look more sharply at what is happening to the middle-income groups that make up so large a portion of the American population. Hollywood seems to pay less attention to sketching authentically the lower-middles, middle-middles, and upper-middles (borrowing J. P. Marquand's handy classification) than the so-called fringe groups, the very rich and the very poor. The English in their films work hard at establishing convincing backgrounds for middle-class characters in stories. So do the French. The types seem accurate down to the last detail —mannerisms, habits, work backgrounds, and homes included. Hollywood is more apt to standardize these details, to rely on "slick" conceptions and on BBD & O's idea of America and American living habits.

"Half a Hero" represents a step, if a half-hearted one, into what is bound to be eventually a fertile area of subject matter. Red Skelton, in a much less wacky role than those usually assigned him, plays a harassed husband and father trying to get along in the suburbs on an inadequate salary. No sooner does baby daughter emerge into the world than his wife (Jean Hagen) intrigues him from their small New York apartment to the commuting train and thence to Williams Landing and a house too big for his budget. "Of course," the pleasant real-estate agent says, "this is more than you want to spend, but I just want you to have a basis of comparison." Before he is quite aware of what he is doing Red mortgages himself for the next twenty-five years.

Once the furniture is installed the welcome wagon arrives bearing gifts from local tradesmen. His wife wants her house to look as neat and nice as others in the neighborhood, and soon the welcome wagon is followed by bills from the same local tradesmen. After all, the furnace has to be working properly, the hedges planted, and the picture window installed. Red's wife isn't at all awed by the size of the bills, but Red is, and she goes so far as to accuse him of lack of courage to meet today's enforced living conditions.

It happens that the editor of the magazine employing Red wants an article on the imprudent ways of the inhabitants of "tomorrow's slums," as he terms them, and Red is chosen for the task. Posing as a volunteer collector for the Community Chest drive, Red gets an inside look at suburbanite economic practices and learns that a majority of them live on more than their means and on what they can borrow from the bank. A good many of the flagstone patios, the built-in barbecue pits, and the basements converted to home workshops and rumpus rooms have turned out to be financial headaches for the home owners.

This was the point at which I thought M-G-M was going to have something pertinent to say about all this, but it soon turns out that the editor doesn't know his hat from a pigeon's nest. Red discovers and so writes in his article that "these are the people, the backbone of the country; their economics may be cockeyed, but their hearts are in the right place." More warmly eulogistic remarks follow, and the picture ends with Red receiving a raise in pay and the editor seeing the light of Levittown. Evidently it would have amounted to some kind of heresy for M-G-M to carry the thing along much further.

It led me to wonder if the middle classes in America had been granted some sort of special dispensation by our movie producers — almost as though that large ticket-buying group mustn't be worried or scared. The poor, on the other hand, may be shown amidst squalor ("A Streetcar Named Desire") and the rich as snobbish and stuffy ("A Place in the Sun"), and no harm done. But more often than not there is little attempt in Hollywood to equate a man's earning capacity with his immediate surroundings. Too often we are likely to see a man earning a net of five or six thousand a year living in a home that would bring thirty-five thousand on today's market. As someone said to me recently, "They always have such a long way to go when they walk across their living rooms." The fur-

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nishings alone would probably bring in more than father earns in five years, the wife and daughter dress right out of *Vogue*, and there's no inkling that the shiny car in the garage costs three thousand and probably takes three years to pay for.

"Half a Hero" touches more realistically on these matters than the usual movie, and when it does gains validity thereby. But it quickly looks the other way, and the sun once more shines pleasantly on the hedges, the patio, and glints off the picture window. All is hunky-dory, we are left comfortingly to assume, in House and Gardenland.

* * *

"Mr. Scoutmaster" carries that capable actor and comedian Clifton Webb ever further into the depths of banality by mixing him with a dozen noisy Boy Scouts and having him ram home the point that boys will be good scouts if only given the proper guidance and leadership. The jokes on scout meetings, tenderfoot tests, and overnight hikes are thin and obvious, and the movie is too. Frances Dee plays the wife of the scoutmaster and seems to have no other aim in life than to be den mother for the little Cub Scouts of the neighborhood. One of these Cubs is George Winslow, Jr., an unreal little boy, who adopts the Webbs and gets adopted in turn. I rather suspect the picture was meant to be a comedy.

* * *

Martin and Lewis are to be seen again in **"The Caddy,"** making their usual jokes and demonstrating that they have pretty good golf swings, as golf swings go. Less than standard Martin and Lewis, which is low praise indeed from this corner.

—Hollis Alpert

SR Recommends

Roman Holiday: Audry Hepburn cavorts through the Eternal City with style and winsome insouciance. (*SR* Sept. 5)

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)

From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8)

Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1)

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TV AND RADIO

For Pluralistic TV

"THE PUBLIC INTEREST" is a sacred phrase in the broadcasting business, and like many others it isn't easy to define. In the non-technical sense of "what interests the public" it is, naturally, the dominant factor in commercial television, and one can say that the public is consulted, its wishes and opinions are solicited, every time a program is put on the air. In that way the public is now being invited to decide between filmed and live programs.

It is unlikely that the public is much aware of the methods of production; it expects entertainment and doesn't care whether the source is a studio in Chicago, an open-air theatre in Philadelphia, or—in a roundabout way—a Hollywood sound-stage where the program was filmed weeks ago. The battle between live and filmed programs shakes down to fundamentals: which way delivers the best entertainment? All the rest seems to be a private matter: who is going to cash in on it?

Yet the public has a stake in this business, and its basic interest can be simply expressed: the most desirable outcome of the competition between the two kinds of television production is that there should be no outcome, that the rivalry should continue, and that both types should constantly be visible. For a number of reasons this means that the television industry itself should be encouraged to do more live programs; the drift to film is already strong, and if 3-D and similar expedients do not save the movie business all the vast talents and machinery of Hollywood will turn to making television programs on film.

Whereas live shows can originate in any of a dozen cities big enough to support major TV stations, the tendency of film is toward concentration; if Hollywood wins this battle we will have one dominant kind of production; if live shows remain in a fair competitive position we will have not two types but five or eight or ten, depending on the creative energies of various stations. It is true that radio tended to concentrate in New York and Hollywood, but essential contributions came from Chicago, and individual talents were discovered in many places (the early satirists Stoopnagle and Bud came from an upstate New York station and their successors, Bob and Ray, from Boston). While dramatic production in television has followed the radio pattern, other important programs originate in Philadelphia and Washington and Chicago. And it must be remembered that the flight to film is not limited to the dramatic field; panel shows and audience participations are also being prefabricated in Hollywood.

The one quality of our broadcasting system that makes it right for us is that it offers the "variety of situations" essential in a democracy. It is not a perfect system, but if its faults were ten times as grave it would still be the right system for us because the variety of situations provides the way to eliminate the faults. But if the structure becomes monolithic the system is wrong for us. In the long run it is better for us to have bad entertainment mixed with good than to have one kind of entertainment only, even if it is of high quality. Variety is, in a sense, more important than excellence, because out of variety new forms of excellence can develop. I can remember being shocked when, as a child, I first read Tennyson's lines, ". . . God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt

Run Like Deer

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

BRIGHT brown boys with ears like deer
And freckles will not last;
Time will rub their freckles off,
Their colors are not fast.

Time's a hunter. Spotted deer
Run before his sound,
They go on airy heart-shaped hooves
Almost not on ground.

The freckled deer are trembling leaves
And almost never there,
They slip away from hungry time
On shadows of the air.

Run like deer, brown little boys!
Before your freckles fade!
Hide from sun and moon and years,
Be butterflies of shade!

Be running water and the trout
That turns the quick-winged swallow!
Dart away with dappled deer
No iron years can follow.

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the world," and wondering whether he hadn't meant "one bad custom." I know now that he said what he meant—and was wiser than I.

Neither the facts nor the principles involved in the film-live controversy are complex, but the consequences of making the wrong choice are so serious that I want to stop here and put down at least an outline of my own approach to the problem.

I BELIEVE, first of all, that the influence of television, now and for some years to come, is incalculable.

I believe that, in common with the other mass media, television affects the lives of people who do not follow it or who follow it selectively as much as it affects the lives of those who take it uncritically and in great quantities.

Consequently, I believe that people of intelligence cannot afford to be ignorant of, or indifferent to, anything that happens in television.

And I believe that this obligation to be concerned extends even to the techniques and skills of production, because they have, as I propose to show, direct effects on the quality of programs.

Having these principles—or prejudices—in mind, the reader can now decide for himself whether what I say is extravagant.

I think we can assume that we are living in an atmosphere favorable to concentrations and to uniformity. The situation of television is only peculiar in degree: the cost of erecting a station and the expenses of production are high; the supply of talent is not excessive and it is highly localized; the area of experimentation is limited, and networks and stations which could afford sustaining programs in radio have, in effect, abdicated this function to foundations and to educational stations. It is, therefore, extremely important to have as many kinds of programs kept going within the commercial framework. We have not been able to keep many kinds of newspapers published in most cities and are lucky if at any given point we have one thoughtful and one sensational daily. Imagine the situation if virtually all the books published lay within one intellectual zone and you have a parallel to the danger which threatens our broadcasting.

One way to escape that danger is for television to develop all of its potential forms and styles; one way to prevent television from doing this is to allow it to rely more and more on film.

There are purists who would have television do nothing except the things it does better than any other medium of entertainment or communication, which is rather like asking a pharmacist to sell nothing but drugs. On the other hand, if television does not create its own special character we will lose a great engine of communication—the variety of situations will be diminished. It will be like a drug store that flourishes on the sale of everything from bricabrac to haberdashery, with everyone too busy to fill a prescription.

What television can do better than any other medium of entertainment right now isn't very much; it is, in fact, precisely those parlor games and giveaways on which people show off either their wit or their miseries, for adequate rewards. On these programs we revel in the real; they are all in the present tense and subject to accident and error. While television cannot do drama better than the live theatre, it can do very well with the brief sketch developed out of the radio serials and family series. In the present state of technical development it cannot do most of the other things it tries well enough to compete with the movies or with radio, and it has made its way principally because it is more accessible than the first and more of a novelty than the second. When you remember that new stations have been instantly profitable transmitting nothing but old movies and that these movies always rank high in popularity with audiences all over the country you can see how easy it would be for the managers of the programs to let television stand still technically, leaving the productive job to Hollywood.

So far the product of Hollywood hasn't been too impressive. It has the stigmata of the movie trade; it is feeble in imagination and repetitious. But it has improved, and a few programs are coming out which are not acted for the motion-picture camera or edited for the motion-picture projector. Some of the filmed series are even a little too much like studio television, using small interiors and not many of those—but this is a matter of economy. Some stars and producers (the Burns and Allen show is a good example) hit exactly the right level of projection for the home audience, and you are not aware of the film at all; some—including the principals of "I Love Lucy"—are still acting for the movie theatre screen.

Behind this, and fundamental, is the fact that the actual techniques of making filmed and live television programs are different and that the "goodness" of a show comes as often from the right use of the machinery as from the intelligence and integrity of the creators involved. I propose to analyze these techniques in my next report in this space.

—GILBERT SELDES.

Social Problems

Continued from page 21

has prepared a comparative study of juvenile delinquency throughout the world, consisting of five regional reports written by well-known experts, using as their material information supplied by governments, country monographs, and original sources. Two parts have already been published. Part I, prepared by Dr. Paul W. Tappan, professor of sociology and lecturer in law at New York University, deals with juvenile delinquency in North America, and reveals the considerable differences in the handling of juvenile delinquents in the United States and Canada (New York 1952, $1). Part II, written in French by Jean-Louis Costa, a former high official of France's Department of Justice, analyzes information from sixteen European countries (New York 1952, $1.25). The following volumes will cover Latin America, the Middle East, Asia, and the Far East.

Prevention and treatment of juvenile delinquency frequently call for the psychiatrist. WHO has published a study on the **"Psychiatric Aspects of Juvenile Delinquency,"** prepared by Lucien Bovet, M.D. (Geneva 1951, $1.

Having consulted with 150 specialists on juvenile delinquency and visited many institutions, the well-known Swiss psychiatrist reviews established facts and generally accepted theories in a critical way. Considering juvenile delinquency as an "artificial concept, legal and social in origin," he demands that its treatment "should be adapted to each individual juvenile delinquent and should be based on the fundamental laws of psychology, particularly in its emotional and subconscious aspects." Its primary aim, Dr. Bovet concludes, should be "that of enabling a juvenile delinquent to build up stable and secure interhuman relations, the proof of a feeling of inner security which is itself a foundation for his moral independence and consideration for others, and without which no human behaviour can be truly adapted to the demands of society."

U.N. publications, as well as most publications of its specialized agencies, can be obtained in the United States from the International Documents Service, Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y. Sales agent in Canada is the Ryerson Press, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto; in Great Britain, H. M. Stationery Office, P. O. Box 569, London, S. E. 1.

—ARNO G. HUTH.

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Stravinsky in the "King's" English

EDINBURGH.

A MUSIC festival may generally speaking be described as an island of harmony surrounded by a sea of discontent, with barely visible rocks marked "Prices during high season—," "No lodgings available," and "Have you booked?" Rather than being the exception, Edinburgh sums up both the amenities and the annoyances to be encountered in Salzburg, Munich, Bayreuth, etc., compounded by adding a theatre crowd and a ballet crowd to the musical crowd, all with the giddy expectation that a city of its numerous thousands (455,770 by a count of 1950) will show comfortable accommodations for all.

Well, that is a fiction far from pleasant and hardly amusing to those who are discovering for the first time that a "hotel" in Scotland (or, at least, in Edinburgh) may be anything from a converted two-family house with eight rooms to an ancient hostelry with several hundred. Those who accept the tender of "lodgings with a private family" may find themselves not only on the other side of all the tracks that lead in and out of Edinburgh, but with a five-flight walk-up between themselves and their rooms. (I know. I counted.)

It's not considered polite hereabouts to mention the American soprano Genevieve Warner, who was beaten up while going home from a festival performance in 1951. When I first heard about it the fact that it was described as happening a short distance from her hotel seemed contradictory. Now that I have seen where some of the "hotels" are located I wonder that it hasn't happened more often.

This is my small way of sounding a warning on behalf of the eight thousand or more Americans who will—if past precedents are reliable—come to Edinburgh next year. They should assure *themselves* just where and how they will be housed before accepting local word of mouth that "all will be well." A stiff upper lip has its place, but not when one has journeyed far for a pleasant, if costly, interlude of music, drama, and ballet, only to find that he is housed in a "temperance" dwelling where smoking is frowned upon and the only admissible bottles are those containing milk.

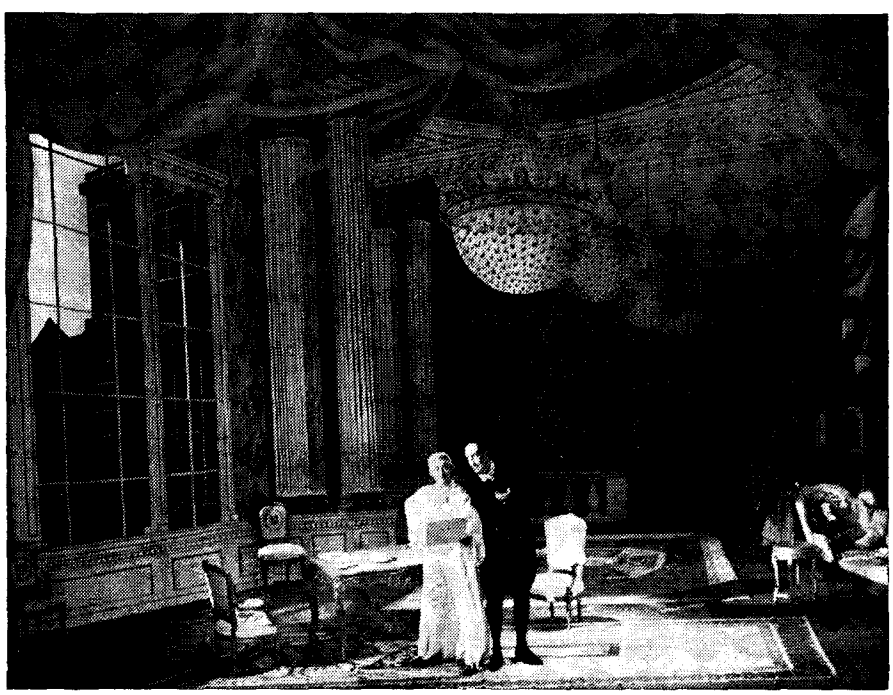
The American identity with this year's festival has extended beyond the expectable number of paying customers to a salient group of artists. There have been the usual itinerants, such as Isaac Stern and Eleanor Steber, who have appeared in concert. But there have also been Alfred Wallenstein, Nan Merriman, and Jerome Hines, who have devoted all of August and part of September to preparing the best possible impression for the first viewing in England of Igor Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." There would have been still another had not David Lloyd given up his role of Tom Rakewell to the English tenor Richard Lewis.)

For one with a considerable experience of the Metropolitan's "Rake" the one produced by the Glyndebourne team of Carl Ebert and Osbert Lancaster held a series of stimulating possibilities. Would the more suitable frame—the King's Theatre in Edinburgh is a normal-sized house, the Metropolitan decidedly abnormal—enhance the values of the picture? Could the work be "played" as well as performed? Would the directorial skill of Ebert (whose experience with the work dates to its premiere in Venice a year ago) animate what George Balanchine had left static? Was there a continuity in the score that Wallenstein might track down more persistently than Fritz Reiner had?

ALL these questions were answered in the course of attending rehearsals, dress rehearsals, and first performance, but some other facts unexpectedly manifested themselves. The whole work seemed more right and real for an English audience than it had for a miscellaneous one in America. The more suitable theatre helped considerably, but it was plain that all the folksy allusions (synthetic though they might have been) registered much more here than in New York. Ebert's sensitivity to musical as well as dramatic values kept the action fluid throughout, while making the most of the limited opportunities for action provided by the brothel scene, the auction episode, and the doleful climax in Bedlam.

Purely as sound, Wallenstein's exposition of the score didn't match Reiner's for precision or pointillistic values, but the steady quest for a lyric line brought about a sense of contact between performers and listeners one had never felt in New York. And, if the "King's" English was flavored by the native inclinations of Elsie Morison, an Australian soprano who sang Anne, Nan Merriman (Baba the Turk) and Jerome Hines (Nick Shadow), both Americans, and most particularly by the Scotch tenor Murray Dickie, who played the Auctioneer, they matched the English English of tenor Richard Lewis in total intelligibility. The real, if intermittent, beauty in the score was decidedly enhanced by the sensation that this was a play meant to be understood.

How well the principals might have



Scene from the Edinburgh "The Rake's Progress"—"a sense of contact."

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sounded throughout was evident in the jocular epilogue, in which Hines's substantial bass and Miss Merriman's luscious mezzo were beautifully blended with the serviceable tenor of Lewis and the clean, though hardly robust, soprano of Miss Morrison (Hervey Alan provided the lines for Truelove, senior). But Stravinsky hardly took such pains with his vocal writing elsewhere, with the familiar consequences—a constant scramble by the singers for a vocal toehold on which to poise on the jagged accent to a climax.

How you proceed to build a characterization on such precarious footing is hard to say, though the lofty shadow of Hines and the picturesque Baba of Miss Merriman provided physical assets Stravinsky could hardly have counted on. The latter's rich low register brought out details in the score one had not heard before, and struck a note of genuine sympathy in the one moment—when she turns Tom back to Anne's custody—of real humanity in this character. Hines was a much more believable actor, under Ebert's influence, than he had been previously, despite the disadvantage of a role that is as high for him as he is for it.

For all these variations in nuance and emphasis—and taking into account the suggestive decor of Lancaster—the "Rake's Progress" remains an awkward, imperfect work, with too much that is superficial and too much that is artificial to be carried by the strong threads of musical interest that show themselves now and then. It will be studied for years by musicians who appreciate skilful joinery, especially in orchestral writing, but the total effect is of craftsmanship rather than creation.

Having seen the work now as much as any living man may be expected ever to see it, I feel that the surge of interest Stravinsky arouses in the closely scored first act becomes decidedly recessive at the point where Auden and Kallman produce the bearded Turk, Baba, for Tom to marry. This would be a smart stroke in an operetta, but one has to mark it down as a decidedly Minskyish touch in a work that pretends to be literate, but is only literary. Perhaps it serves a purpose in attracting attention to the whole subject, but one hardly expects such practicality of the composer of "Sacre du Printemps" and "Petrouchka," not to mention the "Symphonie des Psaumes."

Nothing can convince me that Stravinsky really believed in this subject, least of all the music which he wrote for it.

—Irving Kolodin.

Russia

Continued from page 20

plays were labeled "tragi-comedies." This, the second tragedy of Chekhov's life, was the more poignant in that he knew himself that it was the last work he would be able to produce.

Incidentally, Leo Tolstoy faced a similar situation in regard to his play, "The Power of Darkness." To Tolstoy, who intended the inarticulate Akim to be the soul of the play, it was a comedy. But to critics, who regarded Nikita as the leading character, it became a tragedy.

We also learn from this biography that the struggle between Chekhov the medical doctor and Chekhov the writer has been greatly exaggerated—that in Chekhov's own opinion one profession was complementary to the other. "Medicine," Chekhov wrote to Suvorin, "is my lawful wife and literature my mistress. When I get tired of one I spend a night with the other. That may not be quite respectable, but at any rate it isn't boring, and besides, neither of them loses anything by my unfaithfulness."

It will be interesting to see if Magarshack's thesis leads to a reinterpretation of Chekhov's plays on the American stage, so that they conform to the original intentions of the author.

Notes

UKRAINE NATIONALISM: According to the card catalogue at Columbia University, **"Ukraine Under the Soviets"** (Bookman, $3.50) is Clarence A. Manning's forty-fifth publication. It is a hurried, 219-page account of the last thirty-five years of Ukrainian history, adding up to damning testimony of the growing bankruptcy of the Kremlin's nationality policy. This policy, still being proselytized as *the* final solution to the national minority problem, a rather chronic one in Eastern Europe, pretends to offer Moscow's subject peoples complete freedom in developing their national and cultural heritage. Professor Manning, of Columbia's Slavic Languages Department, underscores the hollowness of this propaganda by describing the guerrilla operations of Ukrainian nationalists against their Communist "benefactors."

These fighters are members of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, a comparatively small military band formed in 1943 of splinter Ukrainian nationalist factions. Its short-range goal: to repel the Nazis and, having achieved that, to expel the Communists; its long-range goal: an independent Ukraine. It still hasn't achieved its short-range goal *in toto*.

Though Professor Manning's effort helps illuminate the relatively unexplored corners of Soviet nationality historiography (an unjustifiably bypassed field until recently), it is nonetheless slightly disappointing. By the author's own admission, the book depends "primarily" on the research and experiences of "a distinguished group of Ukrainian DP professors." As a consequence, it is occasionally hampered by a Ukrainian bias which seems to place the cause of independence before the cause of scholarship.

—Marvin L. Kalb.

COMMUNISM AROUND THE WORLD: Anthony T. Bouscaren, who is associate professor of political science at the University of San Francisco, offers in **"Imperial Communism"** (Public Affairs Press, $3.75) an up-to-date summary of Communist Parties and activities in most parts of the world. After reviewing the Soviet world outlook and the policies of world Communism he presents a global survey of Party activities. Quite properly, I believe, he begins this survey with China and other Eastern countries; after covering the Near East, Europe, and Latin America he concludes with a chapter on the Communist Party of the United States. The book's final essay is devoted to Soviet military strength; the author believes that Russia's "build-up is quite clearly not for defensive reasons." Professor Bouscaren writes: "It remains to be seen which of two courses is to be followed: a policy of continued policy of expansion and conquests by the Soviets or a policy of liberation by the free world led by the United States." The book demonstrates both thoroughness and diligence. Its most unique chapter is an analysis of the phony Soviet "peace" offensive, which has timely importance in this Malenkov era.

—Martin Ebon.

USSR POLICY DOCUMENTED: Leo Gruliow's **"Current Soviet Policies"** (Praeger, $6), a volume designed for the specialist on the Soviet Union, is a comprehensive series of translations of major Soviet documents—from Stalin's farewell "Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR" (October 1952) to the

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Beria switch on the fabulous "Kremlin Doctors" case (April 1953). Included, too, are the Nineteenth Communist Party Congress discussions and resolutions, the new Party rules, and the news reports on the death of Stalin.

The selection is first rate, for it encompasses basically all we know of this crucial turning-point in Soviet history. With the Iron Curtain as impenetrable as ever, the printed Soviet word is still the best available key, so to speak, for gaining admission into the Soviet system.

Mr. Gruliow, editor of the *Current Digest of the Soviet Press*, has compiled 268 double-columned pages of excellent translations of the Soviet press. He doesn't yield to the temptation of Russian-experting. Instead, he limits himself to only six pages of introductory matter, the gist of which is summed up in his first sentence: "This book is published because the material it contains is indispensable to knowledge of current Soviet policies." The raw material is here on display—unrefined, undigested, and with all the evasiveness and shiftiness characteristic of Soviet proclamations. It's a book for the reader to ponder.

—M. L. K.

CLASSIC IN A NEW DRESS: Sir Bernard Pares's classic, **"A History of Russia"** (Knopf, $7.50), which had already come off the presses seven times during the last twenty-seven years (No. 1, initial publication; Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, revised editions; Nos. 6, 7, reprint editions), is now appearing in its eighth edition. It is the *definitive* edition—reset, enlarged, with a new bibliography, ten new maps, and an informative introduction by Richard Pares, his son. It should make things a good deal handier for both teachers and students of Russian history.

From Matislav to Malenkov, Sir Bernard has lucidly traced in these 611 pages the historical, social, economic, and intellectual currents of Russia. The strength of this work is its unique balance and profound knowledge, the products of over sixty years of intensive, first-hand study. Richard Pares certainly makes no overstatement by describing his father (who died here in 1949 at the age of eighty-two) as "a man with a mission: to interpret Russia to the English-speaking world, and even to bring the two worlds into political partnership with each other." Even among students at odds with Sir Bernard in matters of politics and interpretations there are few who can deny that his book has made an important contribution in the direction of understanding the split between "the two worlds." —M. L. K.

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JOHN WILSON in

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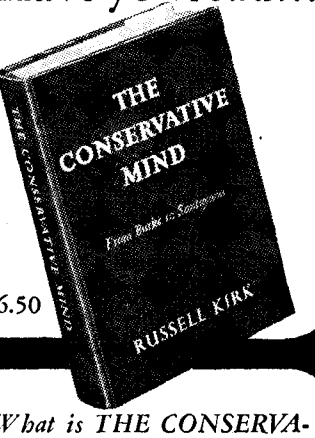

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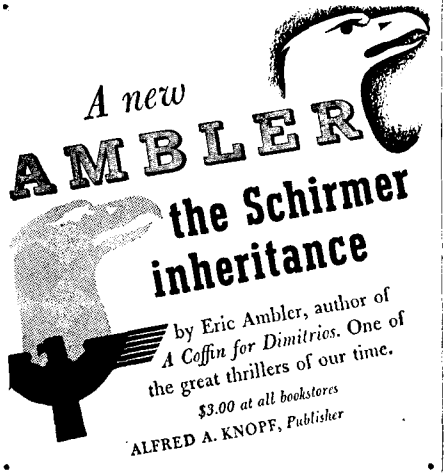

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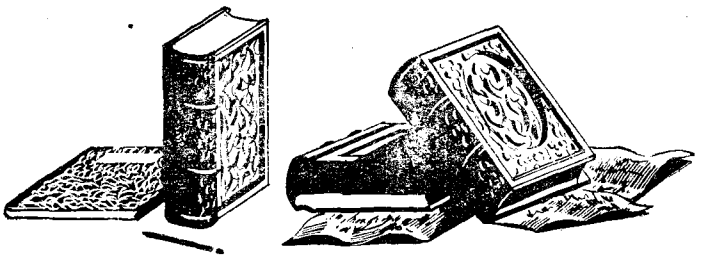

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which because of limitations of space cannot be reviewed in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

AN AUTUMN IN ITALY. By Sean O'Faolain. Devin-Adair. $3.50. A travel book based on a short trip the author took recently through the southern sections of Italy.

BLIND WHITE FISH IN PERSIA. By Anthony Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. The story of a four-man expedition from Oxford that went to Southern Persia in search of geographical, botanical, chemical, and zoological information.

BREAD OUT OF STONE. By Charmel Iris. Henry Regnery Co. $3.50. The manuscript of these lyric poems was, when nearly ready for the press, misplaced about fifty years ago, and has only been recently rediscovered. It is published now, with an introduction by Yeats and an epilogue by Oliver St. John Gogarty. The author is a native Chicagoan who was active in the early days of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS. Introduced by Duff Cooper. Roy Publishers. $3.50. Sixteen portraits by various hands (A. J. P. Taylor, D.C. Somervell, Roger Fulford) of Britain's prime ministers, including ones of Walpole, Pitt, Disraeli, Gladstone, Peel, Gray, and so forth.

THE COFFEETRAIN. By Margarethe Erdahl Shank. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. An autobiography about the pleasant, windblown days after the First World War in Grand Prairie, North Dakota, where the author was raised by Norwegian relatives.

COMING DOWN THE SEINE. By Robert Gibbings. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. Another in the author's series of leisurely travel books. This one is about floating down the Seine in an eleven-foot boat, with many a glance toward the wines, foods, and culture to be had on either bank.

THE CREST OF THE BROKEN WAVE. By James Barke. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. The fourth volume, in a projected five-volume series, of a fictional life of Robert Burns. This covers the years 1788-91.

CRIMES OF PASSION. By Edward Radin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A heterogeneous collection of some of the more famous murder cases committed in this country, including such chestnuts as Winnie Ruth Judd, Dr. Snook, Daddy Semples, and Fatty Arbuckle.

THE FAR SIDE OF THE HILL. By Belle Turnbull. Crown Publishers. $3. A novel about life in the Colorado mountain country.

FORTUNE IS A WOMAN. By Winston Graham. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. An "entertainment," as Graham Greene would call it, about an insurance investigator, some wily arsonists, and a girl.

G. B. SHAW: A Critical Survey. Edited by Louis Kronenberger. World Publishing Co. $6. A collection of appreciative pieces about the most garrulous man of the century, by such eminents as Beerbohm, Huneker, Chesterton, Nathan, Wilson, Barzun, John Mason Brown, Mann, Auden, and Spender.

GREEN ORANGES. By René Masson. Translated by Norman Denny. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A novel about two French juveniles—boy and girl—who run away together and are eventually entangled in murder, confidence games, and suicide.

A HANDFUL OF AUTHORS. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward. $3. A collection of essays, written between 1901 and 1935, by a master phrasesmith, on such endurables as Stevenson, Hugo, Twain, Ruskin, Cervantes, Masefield, and others.

HENRY CABOT LODGE. By John A. Garraty. Alfred A. Knopf. $6. A biography of the present Cabot Lodge's controversial grandfather, who was, of course, the man mainly responsible for keeping the U.S. from the League of Nations, and who was as well an aristocratic, somewhat reactionary member of the old school of Republican Senators.

THE HIVE. By Camilio José Cela. Translated by J. M. Cohen. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. The time is 1942, the place is Madrid, and the action in this novel centers around the low life of that Spanish city.

HUE AND CRY. By Elizabeth Yates. Coward-McCann. $3. A novel set in the furbelowed hills of New Hampshire about a young girl who surmounts deafness and gains a husband, whom she then reforms.

IN LOVE. By Alfred Hayes. Harper & Bros. $2.75. A novel, in terms of flesh and feelings, about a love affair which ends in the loss of a child and a broken marriage.

JOHNSWOOD. By Charlie May Simon. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A memoir, by his wife, of the poet John Gould Fletcher, built around their home in Arkansas, where they lived for a great many years.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD. By Antony Alpers. Alfred A. Knopf. $5. The first full-length critical biography of Katherine Mansfield. Mr. Alpers takes us from New Zealand to London, where K.M. ran into a bad marriage and an abortion, and finally the relatively halcyon days when her stories were quickening the world, and she had burly Middleton Murry for a husband and bulwark.

THE LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By Lumen Winter and Harrison Kinney. Coward-McCann. $5. A mixture of biography and autobiography, in which Mr. Winter tells the peculiar story of his reproducing, on commission, an enormous canvas, Da Vinci's "The Last Supper," from the fading original in the Church of Santa Maria delle Gracie.

LONG WEDNESDAYS. By Earl V. Chapin. Abelard Press. $3. An account of the author's weekly backaches sustained while publishing a successful grassroots newspaper.

MY HEART LIES SOUTH. By Elizabeth de Trevino. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. The experiences of an American lady who is married to a Mexican, and of their life together in a provincial Mexican town.

NEW POEMS BY AMERICAN POETS. Edited by Rolfe Humphries. Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢. An anthology of new poetry by such writers as Marianne Moore, Auden, Wallace Stevens, Richard Wilbur, and Theodore Roethke.

NOBODY SAY A WORD. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt & Co. $3. A new collection of short stories by the poet, critic, and teacher.

PARADISE PRAIRIE. By Cecil B. Williams. John Day Co. $4.50. Pioneering, or Willa Cather, days in Oklahoma, seen through the eyes of a man raised there who returns to his native country from Chicago to attend his father's funeral.

PERSPECTIVES U S A. Edited by James Laughlin and Hayden Carruth. Viking Press. Paperbound, $1.50. The fourth number of the quarterly which is being sponsored by the Ford Foundation in the interests of spreading American culture. Included is work by the painter Marsden Hartley, Saroyan, Gilbert Seldes, Edmund Wilson, Wallace Stegner, E. B. White, and nine poems.

THE QUEST. By Elisabeth Langgasser. Translated by Jane Bannard Greene. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. A novel, by one of Germany's best postwar writers, now dead, about seven warlorn people who travel together to the sanctuary of a convent run by one Mother Demetrius, a powerful, wise woman.

REBELS AND ANCESTORS. By Maxwell Geismar. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50. The third volume, with more to come, of the author's history of modern American literature. Mr. Geismar, a heavily armed critic, operates here on Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow, and Theodore Dreiser.

RHAPSODY IN ANDROS. By Nelson Hayes. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The ingredients of this hammock-type novel are an island in the Bahamas, a young man who is its "ruler," and an attractive tourist who gets shanghaied by the light of a silvery moon.

ROGUE WIND. By Ugo Moretti. Translated by Giusseppina T. Salvadori and Bernice L. Lewis. Prentice-Hall. $2.95. Another novel from the present night-blooming Italian renaissance; this one concerns the doings of a prostitute's illegitimate son.

SILENT ARMY. By Chin Kee Onn. Longmans, Green & Co. Clothbound, $2.50. Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. A novel about a Chinese family during the Japanese infiltration.

SIX DAYS IN MARAPORE. By Paul Scott. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A novel about a young man named Joe MacKendrick, who gets caught up in the early days of India's freedom while on a search there for his deceased brother's sweetheart.

STANTON: Lincoln's Secretary of War. By Fletcher Pratt. W. W. Norton & Co. $5.95. A biography of the ebullient Edward Stanton, who, besides being Lincoln's Secretary of War, was often one of the principal causes for his headaches.

THE STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. The author of "The Cruel Sea" writes of a monstrous fraud which bilks the gullible in England and the U.S., and involves a deaf, dumb, and blind girl.

THE TATTOOED SAILOR. By André François. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95. A book of cartoons, introduced by Pogo's progenitor and imported from France.

TIDEFALL. By Thomas H. Raddall. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A novel about a self-made man who comes back to his home town, where he is not remembered, builds another fortune through oily means, and ultimately gets his proper deserts.

THE TREMBLING EARTH. By Dale Van Every. Julian Messner. $3.75. A novel which plunges back to America in 1811, and which concerns a self-made man—who learns of better things than gold dollars—an earthquake, and a minister who ketches him a wife.

THE WORLD BETWEEN THE WARS. By Quincy Howe. Simon & Schuster. $7.50. Volume Two of Mr. Howe's projected three-volume history of the modern world. This one takes us from 1918 through to the Munich agreement.

—W. B.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS

The World Is Your Oyster

or HOW TO FISH FOR PEARLS WITH YOUR CAMERA

There are twenty-six pearls (prizes) awaiting you if you are the kind of Saturday Review reader who likes to travel and take pictures, and that seems to include most of our readership. Your camera is your "open sesame" to these prizes, including a magic carpet trip around the world via Pan American World Airways' giant Clippers*.

While having fun on a trip away from home, you can also make your camera work for you by entering some of your pictures in THE SATURDAY REVIEW's World Travel Photographic Awards. And you can not only win a prize, but you will see your pictures prominently featured in a special issue of the magazine.

This is what you do.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has established twenty-six awards in all for those of our readers who take unusual pictures, in either color or black-&-white, during vacation or business trips away from home. The pictures, however, must have been taken after July 1, 1952.

After reading the complete Awards rules below, you should start sending in your entries now. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography or travel:

Ivan Dimitri—Leading color & magazine photographer.
Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist and leading authority on photography.
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.
Horace Sutton—Travel Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, noted travel photographer.

Here are the details of the prizes:

The Grand Prize for the best photograph submitted, whether color or black-&-white, will be a never-to-be-forgotten flight around the globe by Pan American World Airways' famous Clippers*. The lucky winner will start his trip by boarding a plane at the Pan American airport nearest his home, regardless of where he lives, and will be returned to that airport. (Should he not wish, for any reason, to fly around the world he may plan any other flight whose cost, whether for one or two persons, would not exceed the cost of a single global trip.)

The runner-up to the Grand Prize will receive a gift certificate worth $250.00 with which he can purchase any photographic equipment he wishes. There will be four other prizes of $100 gift certificates to cover 2nd and 3rd places in both the color and black-&-white classes.

Finally there will be twenty honorable mentions, each a $25.00 gift certificate, for the best of the remaining pictures considered in the final judging.

The Saturday Review decided to establish these World Travel Awards because of the increasing interest our readers have shown in travel and photography. To dramatize the Awards the winning pictures will be featured in the annual World Travel Calendar issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The next Calendar, to appear in the January 2, 1954 issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in nearly fifty countries. The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel photos. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

Deadline for entries is November 1, 1953. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

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Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, and members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been made after July 1, 1952, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film.

3. Black and white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name and address of the photographer, the photographic data on the making of the picture, including the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black and white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Those in glass mounts should be carefully wrapped to avoid breakage. Those in cardboard mounts, or unmounted, should be enclosed in glassine or acetate envelopes to prevent scratching or other possible damage, and further protected by a cardboard backing. Color transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for winners. Same for stereos.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints, transparencies or stereos.

6. To enter the contest, mail as many prints or color transparencies as you desire to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS. All pictures must be postmarked not later than November 1, 1953, to be eligible for judging.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black and white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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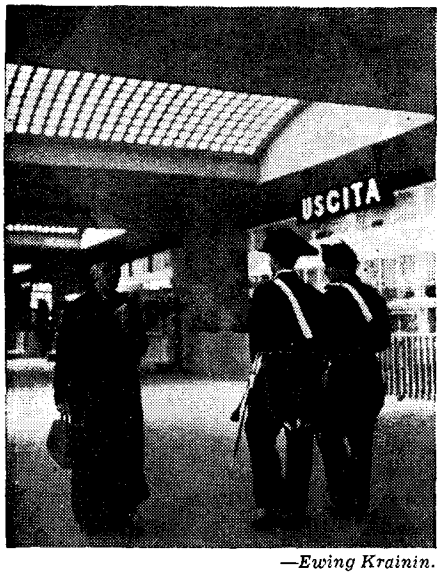
There's No Place Like Far From Home

—*Ewing Krainin.*

Symmetry of line and sharp contrast of tone make a dramatic tableau of these lumberjacks in Madras, India.

—*Horace Sutton.*

The one gesture of hand on face seems to indicate that a whole story lurks behind this little girl in Taxco, Mexico.



—*Ewing Krainin.*

Krainin gets the flavor of new Rome with the advancing padre and the retreating carabinieri in Rome's new railroad station.

SHORTLY after the war was over and I had returned home with firm promises to myself never to leave the hearth again, I was sent on an assignment to write a series of travel articles on the Caribbean. I bounced around Puerto Rico where the Yanks were having spring practice, became entranced with the swimming pool that used to sit in the lobby of the Normandie Hotel. In Haiti I was hypnotized by the open market in Port au Prince and enchanted by the flower fields in the hills where a young American couple had just opened for business, he directing the singing pickers while she typed the shipping manifests on the tail gate of a pick-up truck. Over in the Dominican Republic I rode a rickety airline to the Jewish refugee settlement at Sosua, which was a million miles from Vienna, and watched an urban people hack a make-do life out of the tropical wilderness.

While I could get some of what I was seeing down on paper, I felt that to preserve the scene forever I would have to get it on film. The only camera I had on hand at that stage was an ancient Leica which I had bought for forty dollars from a chaplain who had liberated it while we were in Europe. For one thing, it had no range finder; I had to guess the distance, then do a quick conversion from meters to feet, set this figure on the camera, and take the picture—if the subject was still there. At liberating time in Germany the Contaxes and the Leicas with range finders had somehow missed me.

When I got back to New York I rented a darkroom and spent hours processing my 35 mm. Caribbean rolls. I enlarged and enlarged until I had a gigantic stack of glossy prints, and the only trouble was that most of them were full of spots because I had neglected to dust the lens, virtually everything but the landscapes was out of focus because I had no range finder, and all my interior shots were incorrectly exposed because I had been improvising with bare lamp bulbs and borrowed floodlights.

I felt I had cheated myself out of a permanent record of my first foreign assignment. I had seen things that I would never be able to relive, never be able fully to share. I dug a hole in the savings and laid $300 on the line for a new Rolleiflex. I got a flash gun to go with it. And a light meter. I went to France to write a book and took pictures to illustrate it. When the technicalities were mastered I found a certain style creeping into the pictures. Now that I could record I wanted to create. The rewarding thing about photography is that it is everybody's art. Once out of the snapshot stage, you can let your own personality choose the subject and frame the picture. The technicalities of the camera become automatic, like putting your foot on the clutch.

The Rollei put my pictures into automatic focus, the light meter put them in automatic exposure, and I could concentrate on the rhythm of a row of poplar trees, wait for the proper expression on the friar in front of the Seine bookstalls, look for faces in the market at Nice. In France I produced 800 pictures, and over a hundred went into the book. I went on to Canada, rolled coast to coast taking notes but also swimming in the endless vistas of the prairies, searching for the faces in the Maritimes, reproducing the giant evergreens of the Northwest. From France I went to Italy and from Italy to Germany, and the next summer to Switzerland, then back through the Caribbean and doing better this time. Now in a one-month trip I could come home with nearly 1,000 negatives without breathing hard. The file grew and I filled it with a portfolio of Mexico, North Africa, then out to Japan, across to England, and up to Scandinavia.

WHAT happens to the photographs? Well, mostly they remain in the file waiting for some day when I will sit down and make a gigantic scrapbook of the time when I *used* to travel. They do illustrate the travel books, sometimes they illustrate travel stories on

IN VIEW of the current interest in travel and photography which has been inspired by this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest, *The Saturday Review* has asked its travel editor how it feels to make a career out of writing and photographing places away from home. He has deviated from his usual program of customs and countries long enough to do the piece which appears here in *SR* this week.

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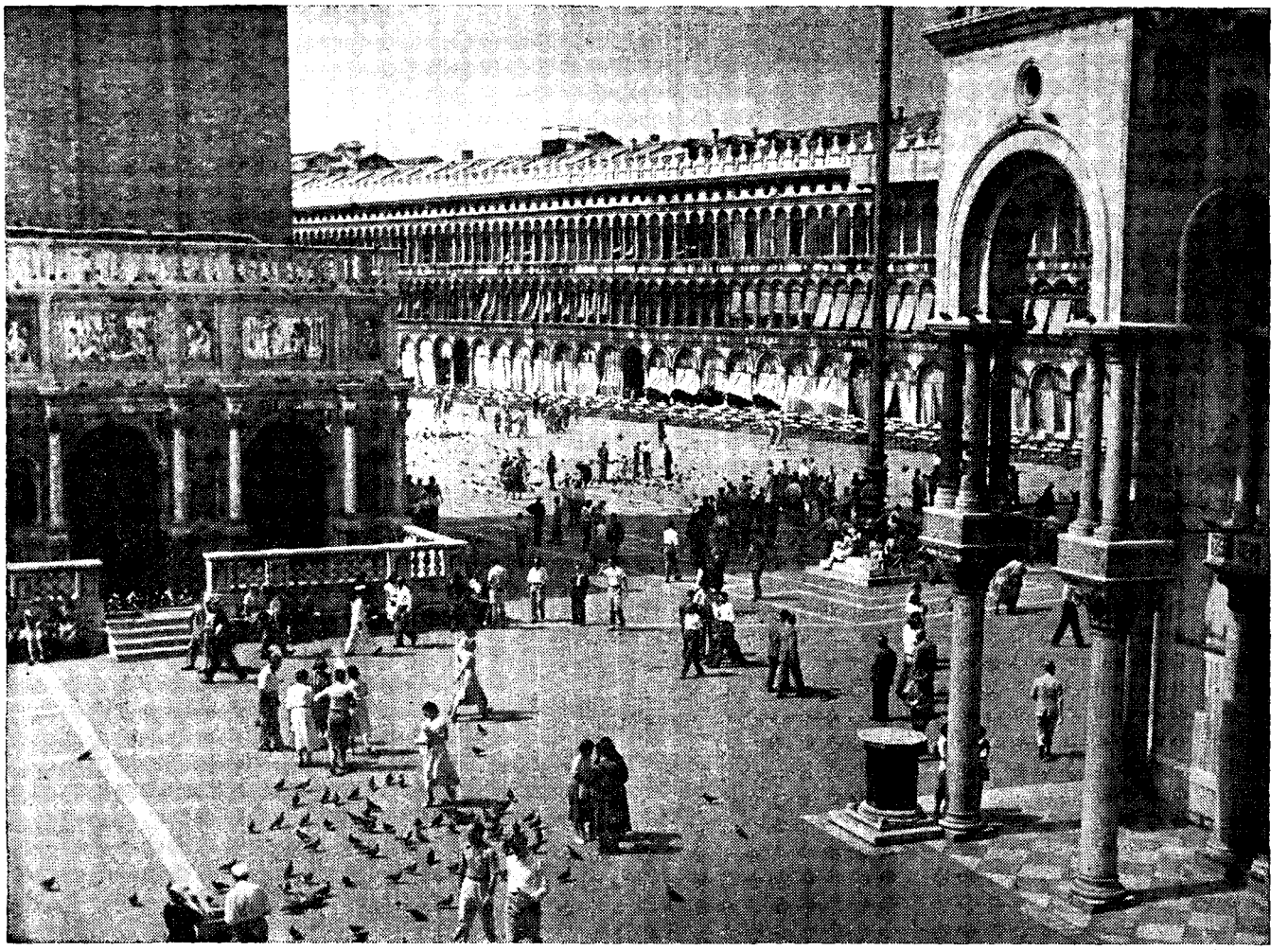

—*Horace Sutton.*

This eye-filling view of the Piazza San Marco in Venice has captured in a split second and retained forever the air of pigeons, tourists, and general jumble for which the place is known. The wedding-cake buildings add rhythm to the background. It was made on a Rolleiflex and enlarged from a $2\frac{1}{4}$x$2\frac{1}{4}$ negative, approximately the size of the pictures on the opposite page.

these and other pages, although I make no active effort to sell them. Sometimes they are fancifully mounted and sent to friends for Christmas. Mostly they satisfy an urge to stop that moment of personal history in mid-flight, to record it, to present it with whatever artistic flair one is capable of mustering.

Travel and photography have developed so common and so wide an interest that this year *The Saturday Review* is establishing a series of World Travel Photographic Awards. The possessor of the best single picture (see the inside back cover) will travel around the world on a Pan American Airways Clipper, presumably taking more pictures on the way. There are lesser prizes, and all the chosen entries will illustrate *SR*'s annual World Travel Calendar, which is now featured regularly in the first issue of each new year.

Those who travel and photograph might like to know how it is with travel photographers who do it all the time. This summer I toured Scandinavia with Ewing Krainin, who has been making the color pictures for Pan American's calendar, who did the recent *Holiday* covers on Hawaii and Mexico, and who shared the *Holiday* assignment on India with Cartier-Bresson. I found that he carried a tremendous amount of equipment which no amateur, however advanced, would ever bother with. But mostly it was emergency equipment that would only be trotted out if there was time, the weather was right, the possibilities of success assured. Almost everything was taken on a pair of Rolleis. For candid shots he used a new Japanese Nikkon, but he was not against getting up at 5 A.M. to haul an 8x10 view camera up a mountain to catch the sunrise breaking over a Norwegian fjord. Having gone twice around the world and four times to Europe in the past year, Krainin offers these random suggestions to anybody traveling with camera: 1.) Get to the pier or the airport half an hour ahead of time and register your camera or binoculars with U.S. Customs before you leave the country. Do this, he says, despite what anybody says, including some officers of the Customs Service, or you are liable to have trouble getting your equipment back in without paying duty. 2.) No foreign country ever made a fuss about admitting his cameras except India. 3.) The middle East has a poverty complex, and government officials are rather strict about having you photograph beggars, slums, or any subject that might be interpreted as indicative of a low standard of living. 4.) The Moslem world is rather violent on the subject of photographing veiled women. He has uneasy memories of a few mob scenes which he inadvertently stirred up in India by taking pictures without asking permission. A good way is to ask a husband's permission to photograph his wife. He is flattered and he usually instructs her to pose. 5.) Tropical packing will protect your film until it is exposed. After that, the film is vulnerable to all the local diseases. Most photographers have their own fancy systems for keeping exposed film dry, including mixtures of silica gel, plastic bags, and such. Krainin's system: send it back home once it's exposed. 6.) If your stay is limited and the weather is rainy, shoot anyway, allowing for the restricted light and

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To all that I would add these pearls: I find that I can never make the gadgets and the gadget bags come out even, and the result of too much impedimenta and too little room is usually a ruptured zipper. The handiest way to carry your camera, films, bulbs, with room left over for a bottle of paregoric is in an Army musette bag. You can buy one at any Army and Navy surplus store. Try to buy all the film you are going to shoot before you leave the United States. It is cheaper, and your favorite brand and speed more readily available. Don't try to have someone send you film from the States; I still have a package of film and bulbs in the customs at Rome which was sent to me there in 1949. If you are traveling on a fixed schedule, you are better off with fast film that is easily adaptable to poor or limited light. If you are going to shoot color and black and white, you better have two cameras. If you try to switch back and forth, you'll find yourself with a newly loaded roll of color just as the light fades completely. What you might have gotten with black and white you can't get at all. If you see a picture you like, take it then and there. Don't depend on getting back and shooting it later. You will never get all the components that make a good picture back together just the way you see them now. When you arrive in a new city take your pictures on your first exploratory tour, when your reactions are keyed high. Your excitement will be transmitted to the film, and your pictures will reflect your first blush of enthusiasm.

With all this advice there remains only to get out in the outdoors and burn film. There are only some forty-five shooting days until November 1, and Pan American's trip around the world costs $1,600 under normal conditions. It's cheaper if you win.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tale

VERDANT VIS-A-VIS: Beware of Portugal! With its varied succession of fertile valleys, its dramatically situated villages, towns, and cities, its pictorial blend of past and present, and its over-all amenity, it is a country so charming the visitor finds himself hooked emotionally; thenceforth the mere sight of the name Portugal on a sardine can will stir nostalgia.

Ann Bridge and Susan Lowndes, the selective British ladies who are the authors of **"The Selective Traveler in Portugal"** (Knopf, $5.75), choose chiefly the monuments of ecclesias-

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tical architecture as their sightseeing objectives, with palaces, castles, and *quintas* (country estates) as of supplemental interest, and such matters as botany and scientific forestry also included within their purview. For anyone acquainted with Portugal's principal sights, the descriptions are sufficient to freshen recollection, but for the armchair reader who has never been there it is rather pedestrian going. To complicate matters, there are innumerable references to, and comparisons with, edifices which await explanation and description in later chapters. Indeed, the whole book bristles with baffling proper names.

A stranger desirous of knowing what Portugal is like will gain but pale illumination via these pages, conscientious though their authors are. Even so, this book has its value because of being up to date and in English, giving information as to present-day highways and the attractive new regional inns set up by the government which have brought remote medieval hill towns into the orbit of modern comfort.

Lusophiles may smile at the preliminary warning uttered by these ladies from Albion who seem fearful of the impact of Portuguese art upon Northern eyes. Don't, they urge, be too startled at the sight of exterior and interior walls faced with *azulejos* —glazed tiles that collectively compose large pictures or designs. In time, our authors promise, such manifestations of Portuguese decorative fantasy can be gotten used to; even the florid Manueline Gothic, with its tree motifs and its nautical allusions inspired by Vasco da Gama's glory, may come to be liked. Mild examples, that is. An extreme one—famous West window of the Church of Christ at Tomar—so upset one of these ladies that she "felt physically sick, and had to go and sit somewhere out of sight of the stone insanity and be revived with brandy!"

The book is illustrated with 54 clear reproductions of well chosen photographs and six Michelin sectional maps of highways. —LAWTON MACKALL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tobermory ("Tobermory," by Saki). 2. Rosinante ("Don Quixote," Cervantes). 3. Daniel Webster ("The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," Mark Twain). 4. Argos ("Odyssey," Homer). 5. Chanticleer ("Nun's Priest's Tale," Chaucer. 6. The Panther ("Passion in the Desert," Balzac). 7. Harvey ("Harvey," Mary Chase). 8. Toby ("Punch and Judy") 9. Buck ("The Call of the Wild," London). 10. The Faun ("Afternoon of a Faun," Mallarmé).

Economics

Continued from page 28

and necklaces made of human teeth?"

Considering his awareness of the difficulties involved, it is not surprising that Mr. Kuznets is something of an economic agnostic. "It is too early to say whether the sweep of industrialization accompanied by free enterprise and political democracy has already exhausted the areas of the world which, by their historical heritage and natural conditions, are potential participants; or whether there is still room for further extention of that type of growth." But, in any case, if the United States is to continue to lead in such a development we must have "a viable theory of economic growth." As yet none has been evolved, and Mr. Kuznets thinks that hardly surprising.

Does this mean that economics is still a dismal science? The casual reader of these collections of essays might well think so, but he would be wrong. Awareness of ignorance is still the beginning of wisdom; and by that criterion, as these essays show, economists are wiser today than they have ever been.

Note

PLAYING THE MARKET: It has taken almost a generation for people to get over their memories of the '29 crash. But today the brokerage house is as stable an institution as the banks. Industries grow and expand through the financial faith of the general public, which by means of stock ownership provide the necessary risk capital. A former editor of *Business Week* magazine and presently a consultant with an investment house, Louis Engel surveys part of the investment field with his guidebook, **"How to Buy Stocks"** (Little, Brown, $2.95). Putting the layman briskly through the paces, Mr. Engel describes the nature of stocks and bonds, the workings of the Stock Exchange, and the function and methods of brokers. Once warmed up to the subject the layman is ready for such practices as buying on margin, selling "short," puts and calls, and the varieties of investment trusts. Mr. Engel's advice is geared not to those interested in quick killings but to those interested in long-range, sound investments in stocks. Numerous specific examples and well-digested sets of statistics make this a handy and clear exposition of what potential investors should and must know. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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Getting at the Truth

(*Continued from page 12*)

reached about William Shakespeare. Shakespeare joined a company of London actors in 1594, was listed as an actor in 1598 and 1603, and was still listed as one of the "men actors" in the company in 1609. Shortly before he joined this company Shakespeare dedicated two narrative poems to the Earl of Southampton, and several years after Shakespeare died his collected plays were dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke. This was his only relationship with either of the two noblemen, and there is nothing to connect him with them during the fifteen years in which he belonged to the same acting company and during which he wrote nearly all his plays.

But here the desire of the biographers entered in. They had been reared in the strict code of nineteenth-century gentility and they accepted two ideas without question. One was that there are few things more important than an English lord; the other was that there are few things less important than a mere actor. They already knew the undeniable fact that Shakespeare was one of the greatest men who ever lived; and while they could not go quite so far as to claim him as an actual member of the nobility, it was clear to them that he must have been the treasured friend of both the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke and that he must have written his plays either while basking in their exalted company or while he was roaming the green countryside by the waters of the river Avon. (It is another basic conviction of the English gentleman that there is nothing so inspiring as nature.) The notion that Shakespeare had spent all these years as the working member of a company of London actors was so abhorrent that it was never seriously considered. It could not be so; therefore it was not.

These biographers did their work well. When New South Wales built its beautiful memorial library to Shakespeare, it was the coat of arms of the Earl of Southampton that alternated with that of royalty in dignified splendor over the bookshelves. Shakespeare had been re-created in the image of desire, and desire will always ignore whatever is not relevant to its purpose. Because the English gentlemen did not like Shakespeare's background it was explained away as though it had never existed, and Shakespeare ceased to be an actor because so lowly a trade was not suited to so great a man.

All this is not to say that a biog-

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raphy should be lacking in a point of view. If it does not have a point of view it will be nothing more than a kind of expanded article for an encyclopedia—a string of facts arranged in chronological order with no claim to being a real biography at all. A biography must have a point of view and it must have a frame of reference. But it should be a point of view and a frame of reference implicit in the material itself and not imposed upon it.

It might seem that the ideal biographical system, if it could be achieved, would be to go through the years of research without feeling any kind of emotion. The biographer would be a kind of fact-finding machine and then suddenly, after his years of research, a kind of total vision would fall upon him and he would transcribe it in his best and most persuasive English for a waiting public. But research is fortunately not done by machinery, nor are visions likely to descend in that helpful manner. They are the product not only of many facts but also of much thinking, and it is only when the biographer begins to get emotional in his thinking that he ought to beware.

It is easy enough to make good resolutions in advance, but a biographer cannot altogether control his sense of excitement when the climax of his years of research draws near and he begins to see the pieces fall into place. Almost without his volition, A, B, and D fit together and start to form a pattern, and it is almost impossible for the biographer not to start searching for C. Something turns up that looks remarkably like C, and with a little trimming of the edges and the ignoring of one very slight discrepancy it will fill the place allotted for C magnificently.

It is at this point that the biographer ought to take a deep breath and sit on his hands until he has had time to calm down. He has no real, fundamental reason to believe that his discovery is C, except for the fact that he wants it to be. He is like a man looking for a missing piece in a difficult jigsaw puzzle, who has found one so nearly the right shape that he cannot resist the desire to jam it into place.

If the biographer had refused to be tempted by his supposed discovery of C and had gone on with his research, he might have found not only the connecting, illuminating fact he needed but much more besides. He is not going to look for it now. Desire has blocked the way. And by so much his biography will fall short of what might have been the truth.

It would not be accurate to say that a biographer should be wholly lacking in desire. Curiosity is a form of desire. So is the final wish to get the material down on paper in a form that will be fair to the reader's interest and worthy of the subject. But a subconscious desire to push the facts around is one of the most dangerous things a biographer can encounter, and all the more dangerous because it is so difficult to know when he is encountering it.

The reason Alice had so much trouble with her flamingo is that the average flamingo does not wish to be used as a croquet mallet. It has other purposes in view. The same thing is true of a fact, which can be just as self-willed as a flamingo and has its own kind of stubborn integrity. To try to force a series of facts into a previously desired arrangement is a form of misuse to which no self-respecting fact will willingly submit itself. The best and only way to treat it is to leave it alone and be willing to follow where it leads, rather than to press your own wishes upon it.

To put the whole thing into a single sentence: you will never succeed in getting at the truth if you think you know, ahead of time, what the truth ought to be.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's *Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction*

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
CASE FILE: FBI *The Gordons* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Whole packet of Chi-cases pinpointed by snatch threat; G-boys move in.	Ramifications mildly confusing, but yarn moves most of way.	Standard
THE GOOD AND THE BAD *Joan Fleming* (Crime Club: $2.50)	English crook on lam in Paris involved in changeling act; nemesis catches up.	Alice-in-Wonderland flavor keeps this one going.	Absurd but entertaining
THE BIG EAR *Stewart Sterling* (Dutton: $2.50)	Md. oyster belt jounced as aged benefactor, others, exeunt violently.	Telephone-operator narrator peppy gal; too many folks.	Merits plus mark

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Bookmarks

THE question of disclaimers in books, occasionally mentioned in this space, brings an entertaining entry from Charles A. Pearce of Duell, Sloan & Pearce, who reports what is probably the first example of this genre to appear in English—in no less a place than the original edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte D'Arthur," printed by William Caxton nearly five hundred years ago. Said Caxton in his preface: "To pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and believe that all is true that is contained therein ye be at your liberty." Mr. Pearce continues:

> As a blurb I like Caxton's preface, and there could be an argument for turning disclaimers into blurbs, but the usual thing, as any lawyer will tell you, has little or no legal merit, though its point is a legal one. I have always found the disclaimer annoying, especially in so far as it calls attention to the author's motives (his motives usually become clear enough once you start to read his book). I wonder how you feel? Perhaps you can launch a healthy movement to abolish the disclaimer.

So be it. Movement launched.

* * *

As you idle through the dictionary (which is good fun) you get the impression that every conceivable and utterable combination of letters has already been created. Not so. You can still roll your own. Consider *brope, clab, clin, nufe, hig, droove, surl, fleff, garch, parn, herk, frent, prip, whenk.* Scoss it from there, dulk.

* * *

Thousands of books and pamphlets in the field of natural history and Western Americana assembled by Thomas Jefferson Fitzpatrick, late of the University of Nebraska faculty, have been acquired by the Kansas City Public Library. Professor Fitzpatrick was found dead of a heart attack on a couch in his thirteen-room house, which was filled with ninety tons of books, right up to (and including) the front door—you went in at the back. A one-story house next door held the overflow. We are an inventive race, we humans, but we have yet to evolve the book that doesn't take up any space.

* * *

Consider the wretched headmaster who, suffering from a redoubtable head cold, said he didn't care whether he kept school or not. —J. T. W.

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

ANOTHER SEPTEMBER

ANOTHER September finds this department not in the Maine woods, but on a lovely, lonely lake in the heart of the Adirondacks. The signs of fall are everywhere. The chipmunks are busily storing up their winter food; the birds are flying South; the two little fawns, brought by the mother doe to the lake for a drink, are losing their spots and assuming coats of an even golden brown. There are flashes of color in the maple trees against the somber green of pine and spruce and balsam.

Rumors reach us of the new children's books that are coming every day from the publishing houses. We hear that Marcia Brown has made satisfying illustrations for one of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales. How very exciting! We hear that there is a distinguished new story for girls, the scene laid on an island off the coast of Maine. As these bits of gossip reach us the books pile up in Manhattan, waiting to be unwrapped, read, enjoyed, and reviewed.

In the meantime we read and reread with growing appreciation an outstanding and most important book —"A Critical History of Children's Literature." There will be more about this in a later issue.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

FOLK TALES FROM ROUMANIA. Translated from the Roumanian of Ion Creanga by Mabel Nandris. Illustrated by Iza Constantinovici-Hein: New York: Roy Publishers. 170 pp. $2.75.

A new collection of folk-tales is to this department what the scent of a young rabbit is to a beagle hound. Off we go! Do the stories truly represent the country of their origin? Are they variants? Are they told in a way that will please and interest the children? We find this collection puzzling. It is as if the author—rather than telling the stories of his own people—had woven together the stories of many countries. "The Three Sillies" in England; "Clever Elsie" in Germany become here "Human Stupidity." "The Little Purse with Two Pennies" has come to us before from Hungary, told [illegible] "Good Master."

"The Story of the Pig" begins as a new tale but soon follows closely the characters and action of the Norse "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." The Brothers Grimm tell more simply and more effectively the story of the Mother Goat and the little kids. These are lively stories and they have a good deal of humor; but something is lacking in the translation. The sentences are long and involved, and the text has no rhythm. The illustrations are delightful. They have background, humor, and a keen sense of characterization.

MARTIN LUTHER. By May McNeer and Lynd Ward. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 95 pp. $2.50.

In this book, which was honored by the *New York Herald Tribune* Spring Festival 1953 (8- to 12-year-old group), the main events in the life of Martin Luther are recorded in everyday language. We are told of his birth in the city of Eiselben in the chilly month of November, of his school and college days, and of his pilgrimage to Rome. We read of his nailing of the ninety-five "theses" on the Cathedral door and later of the debate in the Diet of Worms. Though all these exterior happenings are recorded, this picture of the Father of the Reformation does not reflect the greatness of the original. Is it because we are given the results of the reformer's inner struggle without sufficient indication of his wrestling? Is it because the author uses banal words in an effort to make Luther's spiritual experiences understandable to children? A sentence like "Martin was especially interested in the life of Saint Paul and in his beliefs" does not convey Luther's actual experience. "I had a great *yearning* [reviewer's italics] to know what he [Paul] meant," writes Luther and later, having understood the significance of "the justice of God," he says: "This passage of Paul became to me a *gate of heaven.*" How flat May McNeer's schoolbook-like text sounds as compared with Luther's own words.

—By Iza Constantinovici-Hein, for "Folk Tales from Roumania."

The author has tried to encompass too much in her ninety-five pages (many of which are covered with pictures) and has combined elements for widely separate age levels. Martin's childhood and school days are understandable to the very young, whereas it takes a more mature mind to grasp the reformer's "theses" and the debate before the Diet. Because of the lack of space which does not allow for a more comprehensive description of the medieval world but only permits glimpses here and there, the reader will gain partial, sometimes misleading, impressions as he would from quotations out of context.

Young children will no doubt be drawn to the many colored pictures, which, in contrast to the text, are not only dramatic but even cheaply theatrical, and, for that reason could be questioned as fitting illustrations for the life of a "man of religion." This story of Martin Luther for children shows the real danger in the widely accepted tendency to write about everything in such a way that it be understood by the very young. Personally, I would let the children grow up a little until they can read and enjoy Roland Bainton's life of Martin Luther "Here I Stand." It is written by a scholar and has the simplicity, strength, and directness of Luther's German.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

THE YOUNG VIKING WARRIOR: A Story of the Ninth Century. By Evelyn S. Dehkes. Illustrated by John Moment. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 211 pp. $2.50.

In search of the raiders who robbed his neighbor and murdered his neighbor's wife, twelve-year-old Olav, son of a Viking chief, encounters many adventures. He shows inventiveness and courage, earning the honor of

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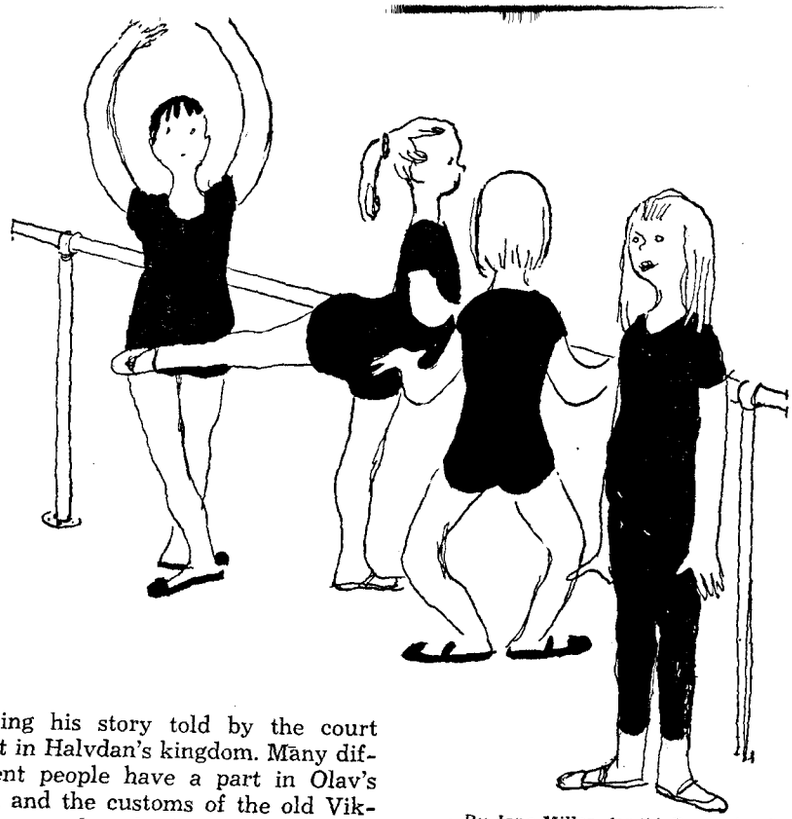

—By Jane Miller, for "A Dance for Susie."

having his story told by the court poet in Halvdan's kingdom. Many different people have a part in Olav's life, and the customs of the old Vikings are cleverly interwoven in his story so that ninth-century Norway becomes real to the reader. The tale is at its most appealing and convincing when the author achieves the directness and simplicity of the old sagas. The many line drawings by John Moment are true to the period.

—B. W. S.

A DANCE FOR SUSIE. Story by Lee Wyndham. Drawings by Jane Miller. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 55 pp. $2.

Susie's friends felt important because they were taking music lessons or going to Brownies' meetings. "You are too young," they told Susie. Forlorn Susie said to her mother, "Being six years old isn't important." However it *was*. Susie discovered she could take dancing lessons, and in the end she surprised all her older playmates.

In simple language the author tells about beginners' lessons in ballet dancing. The light-as-feather line drawings which accompany the text add to the clearness of the explanations. Little girls will be entranced, and probably this book will add new young students to the "more than a million" who already study ballet dancing in America. At the end of the book there is valuable and practical information for parents. This book is a must for all who have a five-year-old girl or boy spontaneously dancing to music. But it can also be helpful to any children, gifted or not, by introducing them to a world which provides psychological release and esthetic outlet.

—C. H. B.

NO DUCKS FOR DINNER. Story by Rosalys Hall. Pictures by Kurt Werth. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 pp. $2.50.

Two huge French peasant women get on a country bus in France, one with three live ducks and the other with a basket of vegetables. Extremely demonstrative, they share with each other all the gossip to be had, with typical French gusto, until one of them discovers that the ducks of the other have eaten the vegetables in her own basket. Whereupon the two angry women fall into a spectacular fight to the delight of the masculine passengers and the erratic little bus-driver, who, being tenderhearted has wished all the time that the ducks would escape, which, of course, they do.

There are some amusing spots in the story, particularly for one who perceives the French expressions behind the English words. The setting is adequate: two large women, live ducks, vegetables, and a small country bus. The ducks eating the vegetables and the ensuing fight ring true. Unfortunately, there are many other points which are not plausible. It is most unlikely that any man in France would remark aloud about "elephants" when two fat women enter a bus; ducks "for dinner" do not fly above mountains, only wild ones can do so; a refuge for wild things is

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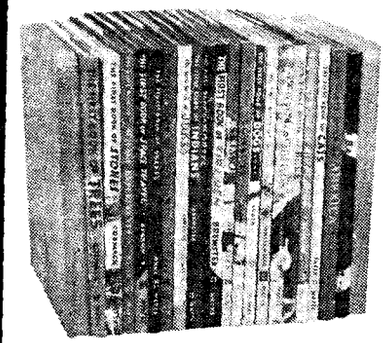

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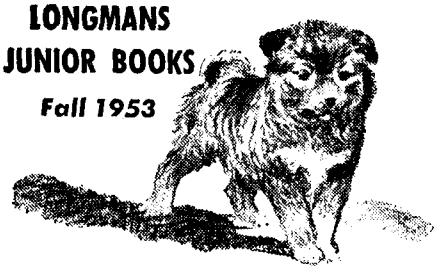

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hardly a French feature; and the suggestion that a picnic take place among the people who do not know each other except as passengers on a bus is beyond what this reviewer believes could ever happen in France. Even in nonsense there must be some consistency. The author did perceive some of the comical sides of French behavior, but has not succeeded in creating a convincing story.

The best part of the book is the pictures, very funny in their caricatural way.

—CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

SLAVE BOY IN JUDEA. By Josephine Sanger Lau. Illustrated by Joseph G. Farris. Nashville, Tenn.: Abingdon-Cokesbury. 189 pp. $2.

About fifty years after the birth of Christ, a boy from Gaul was taken prisoner by the Romans and sold as a slave to a centurion who lived in Judea. Both the boy and the centurion ran across people, Jews and Greeks, who were followers of the "New Way." At the close of the book the Gallic boy and the Roman, too, have become Christians.

This is an unusually good story in its fairness toward all the characters, of different backgrounds, and its effort at portraying matters as they were and not as sentimental tradition would often make them appear. Plenty of action well timed and an alert style make for easy and excellent reading. Many a twelve-year-old boy will recognize himself in the young Gallic pagan won over by the "New Way." And to many of us adults, too, this inner struggle will ring very familiar. —C. H. B.

THE BOY AT THE SWINGING LANTERN. By Patricia Lynch. With drawings by Kiddell-Monroe. Boston: Robert Bentley, Inc. 222 pp. $2.50.

The sea-blue jacket of this book, with a picture of the Swinging Lantern Inn and the quaint Irish houses around it, attracts the reader's immediate interest. He will want to discover the fate of the boy Rory, who, brought up by dog farmers, sets out to find his real parents and his real name.

Rory works for a while at the Inn of the Swinging Lantern in Kildore by the harbor and becomes rapidly involved in a succession of adventures. Everything happens in an unmistakably and delightfully Irish atmosphere and the well-defined characters are drawn with warmth and humor. Beautiful writing makes this a worthy addition to the many imaginative Irish tales we owe this author. The drawings by Kiddell-Monroe share the Gaelic quality of the text. —B. W. S.

ROARING RIVERS. By Bill Brown. New York: Coward-McCann. 250 pp. $2.75.

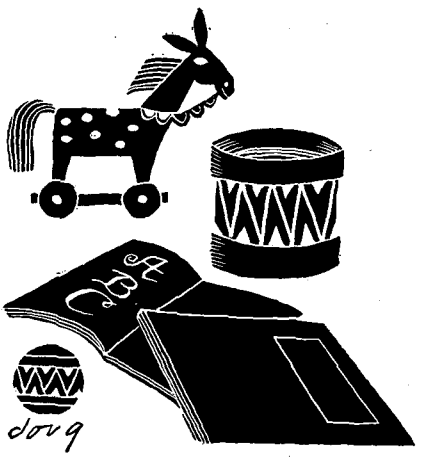
This is in some ways a thrilling story of an American boy who goes with a scientist, a teacher in his college, to the border between India and Tibet to trace a deposit of coal, much needed in India. They reach the river by plane and parachute and travel on it by individual rubber boats. They suffer almost unbearable hardships and are captured by a tribe of natives, to escape finally through the aid of a native boy, Kudra.

The background of the story—the description of the country—the river, the canyons, the jungles—is excellent. To this reviewer the record is marred by the emphasis on Roger's unending feud with the scientist, Dr. Allen Grove. There is something unnatural about his resentment, his hatred really, for the man on whom the whole success of the mission depends. The author fails to make clear the source of this bad feeling between them. It is not a pleasant story, but it is in many ways a very convincing one.

THE SECRET OF THE HAWK. By Leonard Wibberley. Illustrated by Christine Price. New York: Ariel Books. 214 pp. $2.95.

There is plenty of action in this well-told story of the eighteenth-century English slave trade. It starts with murder and the wreck of a mysterious ship carrying a skeleton that clutches a magic charm in its fist. Then off to sea with a cargo of two million English pounds in gold, followed by mutiny, pirates, shipwreck, wild adventures in the African jungle, and home to Old England with the girl. Uncommonly well written and illustrated.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.



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Fiction

Continued from page 16

trouble, plunging them into situations which they could not handle, destroying their peaceable world. The indignity of being thrust unwillingly into the public eye, the callous insistence on exploiting a defenseless child for professional, sensational, or merely selfish ends, these are the threads which weave a pattern of tragedy which the public can forget immediately, the pathetic protagonists never. Even more frightening, yet never underscored by the subtle author, is the implication that human fallibility —greed, weakness, fear—obscured the vision of those who, forewarned, might have prevented the disasters. So devastating, accurate, and entertaining are most of the character sketches we are willing to overlook the unmaternal reactions of Jimmie's mother and the retarded conversation recorded for Jimmie.

Notes

MORE YOUTHS AT SEA: Michael Match, nineteen-year-old hero of Alexander Eliot's first novel, **"Proud Youth"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3), is that familiar literary figure, the sensitive cripple, whose psychic imbalance is symbolized in physical deformity. He and his sister, Beatrice, are the emotionally neglected children of parents who cherish their alcoholism and despair, as talismans of their membership in the upper class.

Michael turns to his sister for love. Incestuous guilt brings him to attempt suicide in wrecking his sailboat on a reef; rescued from the sea by his mother and father, he is literally and symbolically restored to mental health and religious discipline. Mr. Eliot coolly violates Freudian theory in order to impose a doctrinaire solution, while simultaneously availing himself of psychiatric symbology and dream interpretation when it serves his turn. Despite this rather questionable juggling, the author's assault on the innermost enigmas of personality is often rewarded with vivid stories of suggestion and intuitive discovery.

—Nicolas Monjo.

INTERNATIONAL POTPOURRI: Many anthologies of new writing are being published these days; they vary in size, binding, price—and quality. Now in its eleventh issue, **"Botteghe Oscure"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $2) presents the broadest and freshest cross-section of Western imaginative writing. Its lingual allotment is 334 pages for English (including American writers), 117 for Italian, and seventy-eight for French. The fine translation by Rolando Anzilotti of a long Robert Lowell poem looks strange in a book whose readers are presumably trilingual. This quibble, however, does not obscure the volume's virtues: high level in selections, beautiful typography and paper, reasonable price.

The outstanding pieces are a jazzy and witty dialogue by George Barker, a jeweled oriental fantasy by Chapman Mortimer, a sensitive, unmannered short story by Carson McCullers, and some fragments by George Santayana. The poetry, both verse and prose, covers a wide span. In the Italian section are Umberto Saba's sketches of the Trieste ghetto and Elsa Morante's story of a dancer, "The Andalusian Shawl." The French pieces have a wide variety too, with prose and verse poems, maxims, a fairy-tale, and a subtle sketch of two lovers meeting after many years. The impression left by the whole collection is that these new writers are experimenting with old modes as well as new. They are fortunate in having as handsome a showcase as "Botteghe Oscure."

—Robert Halsband.

PORTRAIT OF A SELFISH PAINTER: "The Jealous Mistress," by Paul Elbogen (Random House, $3.50), takes its title from a quotation by Emerson to the effect that the artist makes a "bad husband and an ill provider." This derivative novel follows the career of a Serbian painter, Jan Dram, through a succession of mistresses, wives, and artistic triumphs, to its final smashup. Dram begets children who are dim facsimiles of the brothers Karamazov —one of them spiritual, one vital, one evil. The wicked son, Ugo, whose mother Dram abandoned, is Smerdyakov's spiritual cousin. Dram, who has "selfishly" avoided every prosaic debt to society, who is loyal only to his work, is supposedly cleansed of egocentricity and error when Ugo vengefully burns all his father's paintings as an object lesson. Indeed, the entire novel is an object lesson. Wishing to castigate Neitzsche's concept of the Superman, Mr. Elbogen creates an unbelievable monster. Dram exacts human sacrifice from wives and children, and at the same time "walls himself off" in his art, where he produces masterpieces. It is the nadir of of Philistinism to imply—as the author assuredly does—that such vampire-like indulgence is necessary to artistic production. His inaccuracies in taking Neitzsche to task for all our present ills, and in offering "humility" as their antidote, are so evident that mere exposition of the thesis should sufficiently dispose of it.

—N. M.

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(Continued from page 49)

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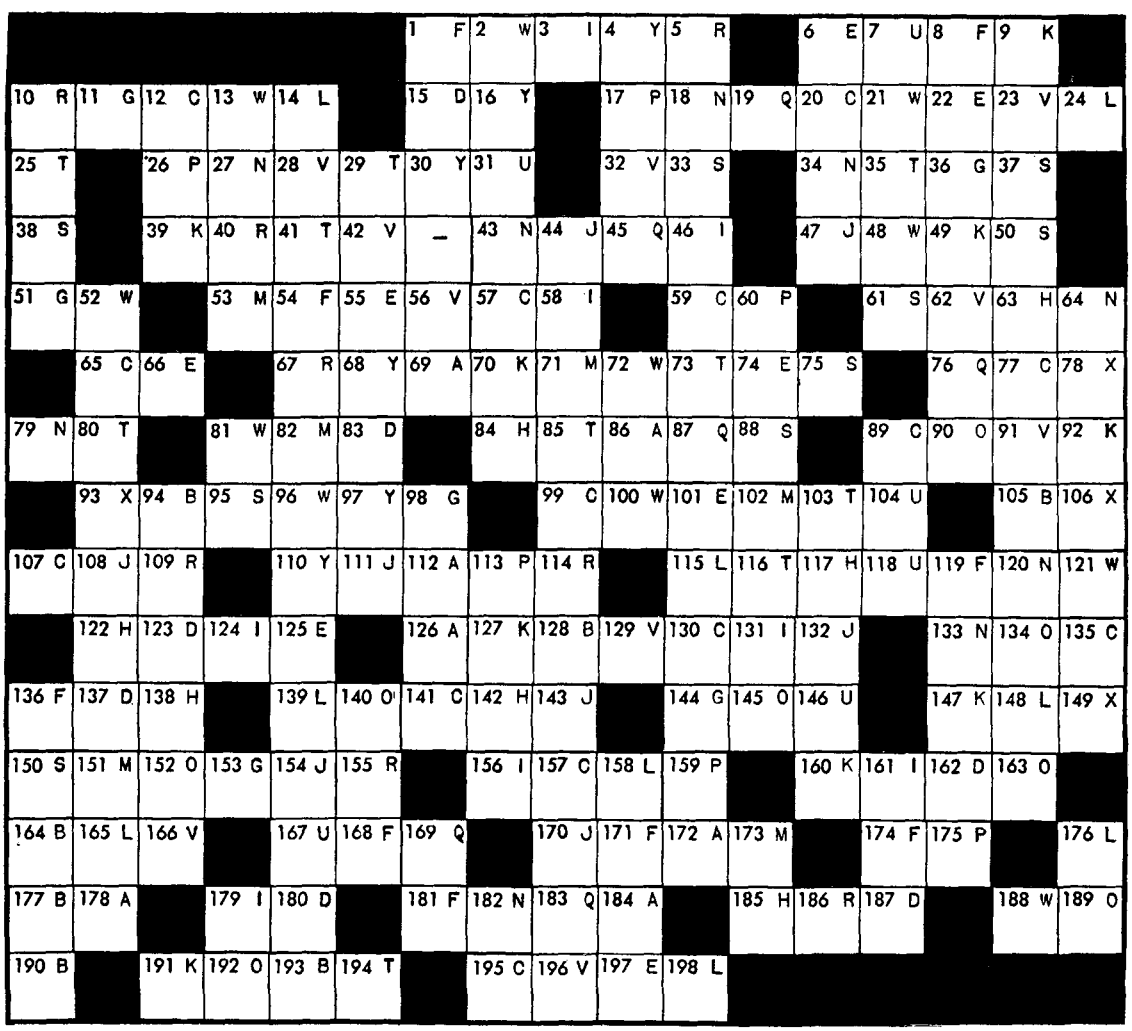
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pleasantly mischievous.	86 172 178 112 69 184 126
B. Ancient seaport whence St. Paul sailed on his first missionary journey.	94 128 190 193 105 177 164
C. The Pamir plateau, north of India (4 wds.).	20 141 107 130 12 195 59 157 57 89 65 135 77 99
D. Loose sailor blouses.	15 137 83 187 123 162 180
E. Branch of a main stem.	74 22 66 55 125 101 197 6
F. Distressing skin trouble for treatment of which Madame Chiang came to U.S.	119 171 181 8 1 168 136 54 174
G. Maimonides' more familiar name.	98 144 11 51 36 153
H. Wanting dexterity, esp. in use of hands.	63 84 142 122 185 117 138
I. Discolored as if burned.	131 58 124 3 161 179 156 46
J. Slang for general discussion, generally informal and hilarious.	111 44 132 108 170 154 143 47
K. Where the flag flew on the Capitol, early in August (comp.).	92 191 49 39 9 70 127 160 147
L. A fungous disease of certain shade trees, first discovered in Holland (2 wds.).	158 24 198 176 165 148 14 139 115

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Entitled (2 wds.).	82 71 173 151 102 53
N. Designating triple rolls in a mill, set one above another (comp.).	43 34 64 79 18 133 27 120 182
O. Any of many trees with unusually heavy or hard wood.	90 152 189 145 192 140 134 163
P. Afraid of cattle.	113 60 26 175 17 159
Q. Describing a sort of coinage of the Roman empire, bearing the name of the moneyer.	76 19 87 183 45 169
R. Visible evidence of Luther's reception of the devil in his study.	40 186 114 109 5 10 67 155
S. Phonography.	88 150 33 37 95 61 38 75 50
T. Tentative theory provisionally adopted.	116 194 103 85 25 29 35 41 73 80
U. Reclaimed rubber.	31 7 118 167 146 104
V. Lead, log, and lookout, to the seafaring man (3 wds.).	91 42 23 32 56 196 62 129 166 28
W. Condition of having straight jaws—not projecting.	48 100 21 96 2 188 13 81 72 121 52
X. Kings of France.	93 106 78 149
Y. Slang for supporters who offer no criticism (2 wds.).	16 97 110 68 30 4



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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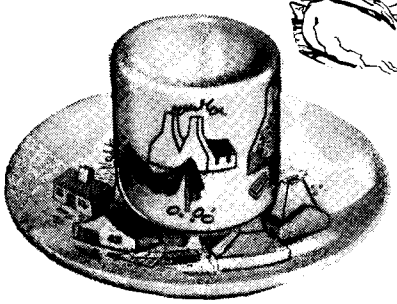

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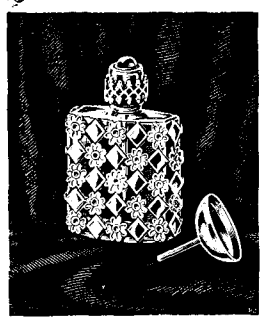

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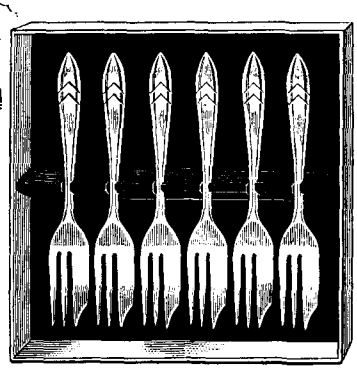

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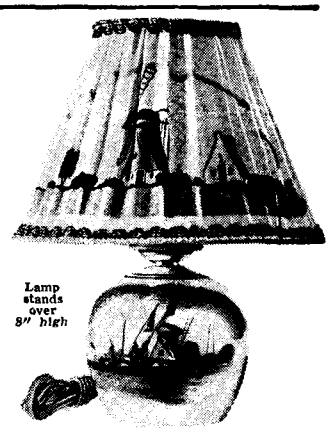

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